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The Week

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S remarks about the cruiser situation cannot be properly interpreted without recognizing that an election is impending in Great Britain. Lloyd George and Ramsay MacDonald, leaders respectively of the Liberal and Labor parties, have recently published articles in the United States deploring the drift of Anglo-American relations into an area of increased irritation, and blaming the policy of the Conservative government for this result, in such matters as the failure of the Geneva Conference on cruisers and the ill-fated understanding with France on disarmament problems. Since it is a prime item of policy for all parties in Great Britain to remain on good terms with the United States, this record tends to injure the Conservatives' chances. It was but natural for Chamberlain to retort that such articles as those by MacDonald and Lloyd George tend to stir up friction, that Great Britain freely grants us the right to naval "parity," that the government is not a bit worried by our cruiser program, and that in building ships it merely insists on meeting Great Britain's "needs." These remarks about naval policy are almost a duplicate of what was said by British authorities during the Geneva Conference, and are just as powerless to bring naval understanding nearer. The fact remains that what one nation defines as parity is not thought parity by the other. The fact remains that if Great Britain continues to build for her supposed "needs," and we for ours, a naval race impends. The British Conservatives' program for increasing the good will between the United States and Britain by smothering the cruiser difficulty in a blanket of silence is fatal opportunism. Not until both nations reach a new understanding of the function of sea power in possible war will the trouble be over.

THE issue of veracity could hardly have been raised more directly than it has been between Mr. Hoover and Representative Britten. The Chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee issued a statement that "when I talked with President-elect Hoover the other day, he certainly gave me the impression of desiring a navy second to none in power and efficiency, a navy commensurate with our world, commercial and political position. I am sure the time-limit [requiring five cruisers to be laid down each year] will be pleasing to President-elect Hoover." No sooner had these words been spoken, than Mr. Hoover elected Mr. Britten member number one of his own Ananias club. First unofficially, and then in a telegram to Mr. Coolidge, he denied that he had said anything to justify Mr. Britten's "impression." On the matter of the cruisers, he agrees with Mr. Coolidge's well known views; and he has, moreover, been scrupulously careful not to interfere in any way with legislation pending in the present session of Congress; to all his host of visitors in Washington he listened but he said nothing which would commit him.

THAT Mr. Britten believed his own story seems to us altogether probable. A man of his experience —he has been in Congress sixteen years—would hardly take such an extraordinary step knowing in advance that he would instantly be bounced out the

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window on his head. It is entirely possible that the misunderstanding was a genuine one, the Congressman, who is not a very sensitive person, assuming that Mr. Hoover's silence meant assent. There yet remains the question why such a veteran should have adopted the almost unprecedented procedure that he did, seeking to put the prestige of an incoming administration behind a measure to be voted on during an outgoing one. Both Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover, it has long been known, are in favor of the cruisers; what the former objects to—an objection in which it now seems clear that the latter joins—is the compulsory time-limit clause requiring five keels to be laid each year. The big-navy group, of which Mr. Britten is the mouthpiece, seemingly do not trust the patriotism of Mr. Hoover or the next Congress, and are willing to give them no discretion whatever, except in case a new conference on naval limitation is called. Can it be that their skepticism is the result of the signing of the Kellogg Treaty? Do they anticipate that this document will presently have changed the moral atmosphere so much that proceeding with the cruisers already authorized will seem an act of folly? If so, they show more faith in the Treaty than do some of its alleged friends, and their attitude is the most cheering thing we have heard of in a long time.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S budget speech contains the usual buncombe to the effect that prosperity is due to economy of the federal government, and that the state, county and municipal governments should immediately shave their budgets, which have grown while national expenses have shrunk. It ignores, as usual, the fact that about 80 percent of the national budget goes to pay for the economic waste of past and future wars, and that the natural decline of war expenditures since the Armistice accounts for the fall of the federal total. It ignores the fact that local governments have no war debts and so cannot reduce them, but that on the other hand the largest proportion of their expenditures goes for necessities like schools, roads and other improvements which truly lie at the basis of prosperity. Furthermore, the speech portends trouble for Mr. Hoover. Only by the strictest economy can the Treasury escape a deficit. Yet Mr. Hoover wants, it is said, about $250,000,000 worth of new cruisers. He wants prohibition enforcement—although the Coolidge administration now opposes an extra appropriation of $24,000,000 for that purpose, on the curiously inconsistent grounds, first, that it is not enough, and second, that it would overload the budget. Few of the Hoover policies can be carried out without large expenditures. The nation is yet likely to suffer from the penurious Coolidge policy of shaving taxes to the bone.

AN editorial in the New York Herald Tribune expresses some amusement over the predicament of those Filipinos who have been agitating for complete independence. An important item in the export trade of the Philippines is sugar, which comes into the United States on especially favorable terms. There has been talk in Washington lately of limiting the amount of Philippine sugar which may come in, in order to widen the market for the domestic sugar of Louisiana, Michigan and Utah, and the Manila correspondent of the Herald Tribune reports that the politicians of the islands have taken alarm at this. They fear, it is said, that in order to cut off the competition of Philippine sugar and other products, the United States may incontinently give them independence and put them outside the high tariff wall, which would mean that they would have to find other markets for their products. Manuel Quezon, once the loudest of the group which wanted freedom, is said to be about to introduce a resolution in the Island Legislature declaring that the independence movement is no more. To the Herald Tribune, this proves that the agitation "has been an artificial one, corresponding in no way to the wishes or interests of the Filipino masses."

THIS view the New Republic is unable to share. When America took the Philippines, they had a successful economic life of their own, and during the generation which has passed since then, we have substituted another for it. It is a far richer one; the material well-being of the Islanders has improved out of all recognition, but it has depended upon what approximates to free trade with the United States. If this condition were to be abolished suddenly, it would mean an economic catastrophe of the first magnitude for the Philippines. The disaster would be just as great, whether it were or were not accompanied by political independence; and one cannot blame the Filipinos for being alarmed at the prospect of it. Once let them be assured, however, that no such catastrophe impends, and in our judgment you will find the independence movement springing up with fresh vigor, just as has been the case in every other country in the world in a similar situation. There is, of course, no reason why independence should be coupled with a deliberate destruction of Philippine commerce by this country, an action which would also be of much damage to important American interests. Free trade between the archipelago and the United States would be desirable even if there were no political bond between the two countries; or the sensible suggestion of Mr. Morgan Shuster might be adopted. He has proposed that if the islands are to be set free, and if they are to be put outside the tariff wall, duties might be raised by a small percentage each year over several decades. This would enable the business men there to adjust gradually to the new conditions. But the real lesson to be learned by the Herald Tribune is, not that the Filipinos would be injured by independence, but that they, and we, have benefited by free trade.

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THE City Club of New York, in petitioning Governor Roosevelt to appoint a Moreland Commissioner to investigate public-utility regulation, has called attention to a breakdown of state regulation, particularly in regard to electric power, which is more or less shared throughout the country. There is no control over the service charges made upon operating companies by holding companies. There is a constant danger that the immense increases in the value of securities, brought about by financial manipulation, will be reflected in rates. Rates are not reduced as fast as the cost of coal falls or other operating economies would permit. Mergers are allowed on the general plea that they will benefit the public, without nailing down the advantages which the public is supposed to gain. In particular, the recent Consolidated Gas merger, rushed through in spite of public protest, may turn out to be the keystone of a combination which would virtually monopolize distribution throughout the Northeast, and would be able to dictate the terms on which it would buy current from the proposed state hydro-electric plants. New York pays rates about 20 percent above the national average, and still more above the rates in Ontario, although, on account of its large market and ample sources of cheap power, it ought to have low rates. An investigation is clearly necessary.

WE AMERICANS are famous for squandering our natural resources. The despoliation of our forests, our coal mines and oil fields are old stories, but it is not perhaps so well realized that we are also throwing away in a reckless manner the fertility of our farm land, something which in the long run is perhaps more important than any other form of our national wealth. The clearing away of the forests, and the breaking of the prairie sod, have in many parts of the country left the soil subject to erosion on a wide scale and at a dangerously rapid rate. Mr. H. H. Bennett, an expert of the U. S. Bureau of Chemistry and Soils, testified on this point recently before the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives. He stated that more than 30,000,000 acres of farm land in the Piedmont region, extending from New York to central Alabama, have lost the top soil through erosion, and the farmers are forced to operate on the subsoil. This will wash away even more rapidly than the top soil did, and once it is gone, the land must lie idle, a barren waste. Even at present, the soil which is left is much less fertile than that which is gone. In the production of cotton, Mr. Bennett says that 400 to 800 pounds of fertilizer are needed per acre, against a former requirement of only 200 pounds. Four million acres of this land are already utterly useless. "In Fairfield County, South Carolina, 93,000 acres of land formerly cultivated, and considered as good soil, have been mapped as rough gullied land, permanently destroyed. The gullies ramify the countryside in all directions. In thousands of places, rock is exposed."

ALONG the Mississippi, conditions are equally serious, many thousands of acres being no longer of any use. All told, ten million acres have been destroyed by gully erosion; but sheet erosion, while less conspicuous at first, is even more serious because it is more extensive. In the heart of the corn belt, in Iowa, Nebraska and Missouri, a single rainy period last year caused the rich top soil to be washed away at the rate of *forty tons per acre*. The farmer sees his fields diminishing in fertility, but falsely assumes that it is due to exhaustion of plant food because of crops. Most of this erosion can be prevented by the use of proper methods. The difficulty is to teach the farmers how to do this, and to impress on them its importance. For this work, the government experts asked Congress this year for the ridiculously small sum of $80,000; and Congress cheerfully reduced this to $19,000. The expenditure of $274,000,000 in three years on cruisers, and $57,000 in the same period on the prevention of soil erosion seems, to say the least, slightly out of balance.

PRESIDENT GREEN of the American Federation of Labor returns to the attack on Brookwood Labor College with a reiteration of the unproved statement that it is a Communist institution, hostile to the trade-union movement, and the fearful accusation that at Brookwood, on May 1, somebody draped in red the portrait of Samuel Gompers, along with those of Lenin, Trotsky, Marx, Debs and Rosa Luxemburg. On the other hand, the Board of Directors of Brookwood, consisting entirely of members in good standing of the A. F. of L., some of them prominent union officers, and none of them Communist, states that the institution is not financed by or committed to any political party or group, and is completely controlled by that Board. It states that no instructor wants to indoctrinate the students with any special views, Communist or otherwise, but that the Board insists that all sides of controversial questions be given a fair hearing and that the students be taught to do their own thinking on the basis of facts. It reports that the 125 graduates or former students at Brookwood are, with few exceptions, active and respected members of A. F. of L. unions, and that some of them have done conspicuously good work. The school retains the endorsement of several A. F. of L. unions. These statements are supported by the observation of all those familiar with Brookwood's work, and we are therefore sorry that President Green continues to lend his prestige to a tissue of accusations which, by the manner of its collection, can appeal to no fair-minded person. We are glad to second Brookwood's appeal for moral, and especially for financial support in this crisis in the fight for existence of the finest experiment in labor education in the United States. Large contributions would be welcome, but small ones are specially solicited. They may be sent to Brookwood Labor College, Katonah, New York.

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Sea Law and the Cruiser Conflict

SENATOR BORAH made a helpful suggestion when he offered an amendment to the cruiser bill specifying that, before construction is undertaken, the administration attempt to negotiate with Great Britain a new treaty defining the rights of neutrals on the sea in time of war. He was right in saying that the chief object of our cruiser program was to protect our merchant ships, trading with a belligerent, from such interference as might be provided by the British navy. He was right in saying that if this necessity were removed, we might come to an agreement with Great Britain on the limitation of cruisers, and so probably would not need the fifteen which the big-navy men now seek to authorize. It was well that this action projected the cruiser debate into an atmosphere of reality, and took it out of the vague region of general "defense." For abstract defense against unnamed enemies in unspecified situations, the navalists might get us to building cruisers without end. Armament, when it is being built, is always for "defense," and those who oppose any possible enlargement of it are always "pacifists." Only by finding out what particular defense is reasonably to be prepared for, can we ever deny the army and navy anything they may choose to ask.

The comment attributed to President Coolidge, however, that even if a new treaty on sea law were negotiated, the Senate probably would not ratify it, was justified by another part of Mr. Borah's remarks. For he defined as the object of such a treaty the safeguarding without alteration of America's traditional interpretation of "freedom of the seas." This doctrine asserts the right to trade unmolested with any belligerent, provided you do not have to run a declared and effective blockade, and provided you do not carry contraband. If that is the only kind of treaty the Senate would accept, any agreement which could probably be negotiated with Great Britain would be unacceptable to the Senate. For Great Britain would be negating one of the main objects of her own control of the seas, and some of her possible international obligations, if she admitted such a right without qualifications. And if, by some chance, a treaty of the sort described by Mr. Borah were extricated from the British Foreign Office, we fear that the comment of Chairman Britten of the House Naval Affairs Committee would be justified. It would be an undertaking practically certain to be broken or evaded when the occasion arose, not a real substitute for cruisers.

Sea law cannot be revised without taking into consideration the fact that the whole situation in a possible war has been changed—for us by the Kellogg pact, and for Great Britain, not only by that, but by the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Locarno treaties. Virtually all important nations have renounced war as an instrument of national policy, by mutual obligations. If any nation breaks that pledge, she will be an outlaw, not entitled to the protection of the treaties. Can we assert the right of "freedom of the seas"—to trade unmolested, unless a blockade be maintained, with a nation adjudged to have outlawed itself by carrying on aggressive war? The thing is both logically and morally inconceivable. It is true that we are now free to exercise our own judgment as to when a nation has violated the Kellogg Treaty. It is true that we are not bound to take military measures against the aggressor, even if we decide that the treaty has been violated. But at the very least we must admit that if we should decide that a violation has occurred, we ought not to assist the outlaw by asserting the right to trade with her. Great Britain, for her part, cannot grant us this right, if she should become obligated to police the seas against a nation declared an outlaw under one or more of her engagements.

On the other hand, Great Britain cannot logically maintain the right to interrupt neutral commerce with any belligerent in all circumstances. If the belligerent in question is not an aggressive outlaw, being opposed by one or more other nations under the sanctions of the peace treaties, the use of the British navy to hamper her trade would clearly be opposed to the international judgment against war. In the improbable cases in which a "private war" might be allowed under the existing treaties, there would be no good reason for Great Britain to assert a right thus to pick favorites without international sanction.

These considerations make antiquated, in almost any possible eventuality, the old notions of neutral and belligerent, of freedom of the seas, of blockade and contraband. The question would be, whether a nation had or had not violated her pledge not to make aggressive war. If she had, no other nation could well maintain the right to trade with her, blockade or no blockade, contraband or no contraband. If she had not, there would be no reason for allowing any navy to interrupt her trade in any way. Sea law rewrites itself, if the post-war treaties mean anything. To have a new understanding with Great Britain, redefining sea law, is just one way of making the treaties mean something.

There still remains, however, another difficulty to overcome. There is no explicit agreement among the United States and other nations as to how an aggressor is to be recognized. The outlines of such an agreement exist, to be sure; but the power to interpret it in specific circumstances has not been delegated to any international authority. Every nation is pledged, before going to war, to make use of all the possible agencies of conciliation. These take many different forms in different circumstances; they are more universal and explicit in the case of powers belonging to the League of Nations than in our case, but even in our case there are numerous expedients. It is technically possible

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that Great Britain and the United States might some time disagree as to whether a nation had availed itself of all possible peaceable means of adjustment, before engaging in hostilities. But such a disagreement is hardly likely. It is possible that an extension to the other oceans of the Four-Power pact in the Pacific would, as Dr. J. T. Shotwell suggests, stop this remaining gap. It would necessitate the calling of a conference of all the signatories, in the case of threatened war, to decide what should be done to maintain peace. Action of this kind may be desirable as a political preliminary to another conference on cruiser limitation. Whether it is taken or not, however, we ought to realize that the machinery of conciliation and arbitration now exists, and the action of possible belligerents in making use of it would virtually compel both the chief maritime nations to agree on which nation, if any, had broken the peace.

Why, under these circumstances, should there be any naval competition? Why should either power be meticulous about achieving "parity"? Why should we think we have to have cruisers to enforce the rights of neutrals at sea? Neither nation wants, or can pretend that it wants, to be an aggressor. Either, if forced to defend itself, ought to be able to count at least on the commercial help of the other. Neither could want to assist an outlaw. To consider these matters riddles the case for expensive naval construction by either.

Porto Rico: A Colonial Responsibility

IN HIS famous Armistice Day address, President Coolidge declared that our territorial possessions were not a help but a hindrance to us, and that we held them as a "duty." Just before Christmas, Congress provided some evidence for this assertion by voting a loan of $6,000,000 for the relief of Porto Rico, so cruelly damaged by a recent hurricane. It seems correct to say that under American rule Porto Rico has reached a higher standard of literacy than any other territory in the Caribbean or in Central America. The administration of public health and the promotion of agricultural experimentation in this island places Porto Rico far in advance of her neighbors. The Porto Ricans are not, however, content with such manifestations of progress. In fact, it is their superior position in these respects which strengthens their demands for self-government. Cuba and Santo Domingo and (in theory) Haiti are independent states, although inhabited by peoples intellectually more backward than the Porto Ricans. Yet Porto Rico is a dependency of the United States.

As a result of the demands of the Porto Ricans, Congress in 1917 bestowed upon them American citizenship and a degree of self-government. They elect their own legislature, the upper branch of which passes upon most of the executive appointments. Nevertheless, Congress has authority to nullify or supplement any law passed by the Porto Rican legislature, and the administration of the island is in the hands of a Governor appointed in Washington. The President of the United States also selects the Attorney-General, the Commissioner of Education, the Auditor and the judges of the Supreme Court.

In installing our administration in Porto Rico, the United States proceeded along the familiar lines of Americanization. Confident that our ways are best, we transplanted to this island political institutions which were already cracking at home; we introduced mechanical appliances which, destroying tropical beauty, have made the main streets of San Juan look like a city in Iowa. We have emphasized and reëmphasized the teaching of English in the schools. We have induced a Latin people to accept prohibition; we have vetoed Porto Rican bills allowing cockfights. The obvious goal of this policy has been assimilation, but we have failed in this effort. Spanish is more than ever the language of the people, and despite their American citizenship, Porto Ricans are more than ever conscious of their cultural nationhood, even though it exists in warped form. A Spanish writer, Señor Araquistain, who recently visited the Greater Antilles, observed that while in Cuba, Haiti and Santo Domingo, people live joyously though poor, in Porto Rico the attempted imposition of an Anglo-Saxon culture has produced a general melancholy. "The presence of the North Americans has imposed a veil of sorrow upon the Porto Rican conscience."

This feeling of cultural repression can only be removed by abolishing the political dependence of Porto Rico upon the United States. The younger element—and especially the women—are coming to demand complete independence. The more respectable and conservative politicians have for the last five years been advocating the right to elect their own Governor. As he would presumably be a local Porto Rican, the only check which the federal government would then have over the administration would be through the power of the President to remove the Governor, and through review by the courts. It seems, however, that if Porto Rico is to become self-governing, she should assume the responsibilities as well as the privileges of that status.

The strongest argument now advanced against Porto Rican independence is an economic one. Should Porto Rico become independent, the American tariff would obstruct the entrance of her sugar into the United States, and this would kill the industry upon which the life of the island is dependent. At present, because of free trade, 90 percent of the foreign trade of Porto Rico is with America. The most obvious answer to this argument is tariff reciprocity. In 1902 we made a treaty with Cuba allowing the admission of Cuban products into this country at a 20 percent reduction in duties; and

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we ought to be even more willing to make such a treaty with Porto Rico.

As a matter of fact, in the long run the present social condition of the island would be benefited by a decline in the sugar industry. Before the American occupation, the peasant farm system prevailed in Porto Rico and the island was relatively self-sufficient from the standpoint of food. Today, as a result of the development of the sugar industry, artificially stimulated by a tariff which restricts Cuban sugar, but allows Porto Rican sugar to enter free, the number of small farms in Porto Rico has declined 40 percent during the last ten years. The Porto Ricans have become attached to the large sugar estates, or have flocked into dingy towns. The island is almost wholly dependent upon the continental United States for its daily bread. Because of our tariff, the Porto Rican *jibaro* must import rice, the main article in his diet, from Texas and Louisiana, instead of from foreign markets where it could be purchased more cheaply. Because of our tariff, Porto Rico cannot develop a reciprocal trade with her neighbors, Venezuela, Santo Domingo or Cuba. Her trade is monopolized by the United States. The result is a high cost of living for the Porto Rican people, while wages are at the starvation level. Three-fifths of the population is lacking in permanent employment. There is underhousing, tuberculosis and other diseases are rife, while the infant mortality rate is excessive. Yet despite the impoverishment of the Porto Rican people, American sugar corporations wax fat from dividends, which in some cases range as high as 30 to 50 percent a year.

Realizing the dangers of a foreign land monopoly, Congress passed a joint resolution in 1900, limiting the ownership of land in Porto Rico by corporations to 500 acres. The resolution did not, however, carry a penalty, and it has never been enforced. Today there are more than 400 partnerships and corporations holding land in excess of the limitation. The shocking failure to enforce this law is a sad commentary on the American system of colonization, and on our conception of our duties to the Porto Rican people. The sugar corporations are operating in Porto Rico in open defiance of the law. Having succeeded in evading this restriction, they have felt encouraged also to resist the enforcement of labor legislation, and to obtain injunctions against the payment of taxes. Until Congress finally passed an act discharging these injunctions in 1927, the corporations during a period of five years held back taxes to such an extent that the government was obliged to contract a large floating debt.

Desirable as political independence is, the most pressing needs of Porto Rico are economic. Some plan of agrarian reform should be adopted. History has repeatedly warned us of the latifundia peril. He who holds the land is the source of political power. The people of Porto Rico cannot be really free, they cannot be socially healthy and enterprising, until they have a stake in the soil. The government of the United States should act to enforce the 1900 land law, and compel all corporations to dispose of their lands, illegally held, by a certain date. Land not disposed of at the end of this period should be purchased by the Porto Rican government and then sold in small plots to Porto Rican owners upon the instalment plan. Here we have merely to follow the precedent of the Friar lands in the Philippines, where we purchased about 400,000 acres of land from the Catholic Church with the proceeds of a $7,000,000 bond issue. We then sold the parcels of land to Filipinos upon the basis of annual payments which made them owners in twenty-five years. Having returned the land to the Porto Rican people, the Agricultural Department should encourage its proper use. The settlement of this agrarian question is the key to Porto Rico's future.

Porto Rico should also be granted tariff autonomy, enabling the people to buy their food in the cheapest markets. The Porto Rican government should have the right to fix its own tariff duties, and to negotiate reciprocity treaties with its neighbors. If trade is developed between these states, it may eventually lead to a Caribbean federation, of great usefulness to its members.

As a result of the American occupation of Porto Rico, the trade of this territory has increased more rapidly than that of any other Caribbean country, with the possible exception of Cuba. But gross increases in wealth count for little: the production of wealth is certainly less important from the social point of view than the means by which it is produced, and the method of its distribution. Even though gross production were only half the present figure, the people of Porto Rico would be more happy under a system which insured to each family in the island a self-respecting existence than under the present system, which pays large profits to absentee stockholders, but reduces the people of Porto Rico to a condition of half-starved and feudal helplessness. Mr. Hoover fed the Belgians; it is now his responsibility to see to it that the Porto Rican people become able to feed themselves.

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Darker Phases of American Prosperity

IT IS now axiomatic that the United States is the biggest, richest, and most prosperous country in the world. Our total national income has risen from less than $40,000,000,000 in 1916 to probably $100,000,000,000 today. In less than ten years a few of our outstanding industrial corporations have multiplied their net profits several thousand fold. Millionaires in the United States, according to a recent estimate, have increased from 7,000, in 1914, to between 30,000 and 40,000, in 1928.

The fame of American prosperity has reverberated throughout the world; American tourists have proclaimed it, and superficial foreign observers, visiting the United States, have returned to their native lands impressed with our earthly bliss. The new creed has already spawned a large school of prophetic economists who, divining an economic revolution of even greater significance than the industrial revolution, are busily discovering a new social order, in which the workers are rapidly turning into capitalists, while the capitalists of the old order are gradually becoming the hirelings of the rich laborers.

Would this were true! But some of the early disciples of the new faith have recently been wavering in their devotion to the prosperity gospel. These nonconformists include the National Manufacturers' Association and the National Industrial Conference Board. The president and chief statistician of the last-named organization have recently hinted that the prosperity theory may be either an "illusion" or a "state of mind." According to the chief economist of the Board:

> The inflation of credit in this country during the past few years *is largely a reflection of a widespread inflation of business expectations which has resulted from a period of persistent and premature prosperity propaganda by interests seeking to unload non-interest-bearing speculative securities on the general public.* . . . American business men seem to be chronically incapable of being cured of the boom psychology, unable to look at fundamental industrial conditions in a realistic way and to accustom themselves to a regular and moderate growth of trade. This is partly the result of incompleteness and misuse of statistics of business trends and partly of *political and financial propaganda* which would lead us to believe that all our industrial and commercial problems are solved and that American prosperity is universal and unlimited. We have not learned to look at the facts, to measure our real gains from year to year. . . . The depression in the basic industries, such as railroads, shipping, agriculture, coal and textiles, which has continued since the War, has been submerged in the public consciousness.

President John E. Edgerton of the National Association of Manufacturers has for some time been protesting against our Janus-faced prosperity. At the October, 1928, Convention of the Association, he declared: "The most ominous problems which I see are those which appear to have resulted from the general loss of balance between production and distribution. Of practically all commodities which America can produce, it is producing regularly from 15 to 30 percent more than it has the capacity and power to consume and dispose of profitably in other available markets. . . . It is safe to say that a general average of 40 percent of all the factories that are operating at all today are doing so at a loss."

The exponents of the doctrine of a revolutionary universal prosperity base their theory in large part on the following two major assumptions: (1) increased amount of savings and increased number of depositors in American banks; (2) wide distribution and ownership of industrial stock among employees.

There are no statistics showing the aggregate amount of workers' savings in the United States. The savings deposits figures collected by the American Bankers' Association have furnished the "scientific" basis for the theory of a new workers' capitalism. These data show that the total savings deposits in all banks in the United States have increased from $8,404,373,000 in 1912, to $26,090,902,000 in 1927; in the same period, the number of savings depositors rose from 12,605,260 to 48,354,784. It is contended that this rise in savings shows that in fifteen years the country has become three times richer, while the steady growth of depositors indicates that the time is approaching when everybody in the United States will have a savings account—conclusive evidence that incomes are far in excess of necessities. Since money put in the bank is re-invested in industry, according to the new economists, the depositors own the industries. There remain these very pertinent questions: (1) What is the meaning of these increased savings? (2) to whom do they belong?

In a volume entitled, "The New England Economic Situation" edited by such eminent authorities as Professor Edwin F. Gay and Allyn A. Young, and published in the Harvard Undergraduate Series, there appears a study on "The Wage-

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Earner and His Savings Deposits" by A. J. Saltman. This writer concludes that the figures supplied by the American Bankers' Association are "on the whole misleading and erroneous."

"In 1914," says Mr. Saltman, "only a few states reported the number of depositors in trust companies, and no state the number of depositors in 'state' banks other than the stock savings banks. . . . How misleading is the total number of 11,385,734 depositors for 1914 in the compilation may be shown by the fact that in 1911 the number of savings depositors in all banks reporting to the Comptroller of the Currency was 17,628,114, as given on page 802 of the report of that year. There certainly was no great decrease in the total number of depositors in 1914, and most likely an increase if the general trend is followed."

Even if the figures reported by the Bankers' Association should be taken at their face value, it is obviously incorrect to conclude that the masses of wage-earners, or even the nation as a whole, have become three times as rich. The purchasing value of the 1926 dollar was only a little more than half that of the 1912 dollar. Thus, the twenty-six billion dollars of savings deposits in 1927 were certainly not worth more than approximately $15,000,000,000, representing a real increase of less than 100 percent. One should bear in mind, further, that during this period the population of the United States increased from about 95,000,000 to nearly 118,000,000, or by over 19 percent. It is also significant to point out that of the total gain of $1,394,710,000 in deposits, in 1927, about $864,000,000 accrued from interest alone. Therefore, the actual new accumulations during that year were only about $530,000,000. Divided by the total number of 48,000,000 depositors, this represented an average new gain of about $11 per depositor.

The above conclusions are borne out by Mr. Saltman's studies. According to his findings, savings deposits in all banks of the United States have grown from $6,284,483,000, in 1911, to $17,990,483,000, in 1924, or 186 percent. In thrifty New England, which retains the highest per capita savings, the deposits have risen from $1,573,269,000 to $3,384,142,000 or 115 percent over the same period. On the other hand, the average deposit account crept up during this time from $364 to $463, or 27 percent, for the whole country, and only from $422 to $510, or 20 percent, for New England. If we consider the sharp decline in the purchasing value of the dollar during the thirteen-year interval, it is plain that the average savings account had actually diminished considerably.

The total number of savings accounts has risen out of all proportion to the growth of the population. Are these additional depositors the new worker-capitalists? The figures given by the American Bankers' Association include not only the deposits of mutual savings banks and state banks, but also those of trust companies and national banks to which the working man does not commonly entrust his savings. The data also includes "time certificates," which, as everyone knows, are mainly deposited by business men and can hardly be called "savings." The same figures show that the growth in state bank deposits from 1912 to 1927 amounted to approximately 350 percent; in trust companies to over 300 percent, while in the mutual savings banks, which are patronized largely by wage-earners, the gain was but slightly over 100 percent for the same period. The national banks increased their "savings" deposits by over 400 percent. In 1928, the mutual savings banks gained less than 530,000 of the almost 2,500,000 new depositors, the state banks and trust companies gained about 765,000, and the national banks nearly 1,000,000. It may be worth noting that over half a million of the new depositors, in 1926 and 1927, came from the increased number of school savings accounts. When we remember that one dollar or even less is the starting point of a school savings account, the impressive figures acquire an entirely new social significance. In the school year of 1927-8, the 3,980,237 school children participating in the School Savings' Banks had managed to accumulate $9,476,391.32, or about $2.30 per child.

Even the savings banks which are extensively patronized by business and professional men cannot give a true picture of the actual prosperity of the American wage-earners. Many persons, for the sake of safety, scatter their money through various banks and are listed as different individuals. I know a man who has spread his $2,000 into eighteen banks. Even the depositors of many of the labor banks are largely composed of non-union members. In one of the best known and best managed labor banks, the union members constitute less than one-third of the depositors.

In a study of the size of the deposits in Connecticut banks for the years 1880-1910, Dr. I. M. Rubinow found that, in 1910, 85.3 percent of all the depositors had less than $1,000 each. The total of these smaller accounts—most probably the wage-earners' savings—had actually decreased from nearly one-half of the aggregate amount of deposits in 1880 to a little over one-third in 1910. This occurred despite the fact that the total savings had almost quadrupled while the number of depositors had grown by nearly 200 percent. Indeed, during those thirty years the accounts under $1,000 gained on the average $13.79; the deposits ranging from $1,000 to $2,000 increased by $32.34, while the average growth of those over $2,000 was $677.91.

"The long and short of it," concluded Dr. Rubinow, "is that increased savings of the wage workers are a myth without much foundation in fact to justify it. . . . A large proportion of these savings belong to other classes of the population, and in so far as information is available, the average working man's deposit is small."

From the latest reports of the Bank Commissioner of Connecticut, Mr. Saltman also finds that,

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despite the tremendous increase in the population, the number of accounts in the state's mutual savings banks—the most probable keepers of wage-earner's savings—of less than $1,000 has steadily declined from 86.8 percent of the total in 1900 to 81.7 percent in 1924.

A recent report on "The Trend of Wage-Earners' Savings in Philadelphia," published in the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, shows similar conditions. During the decade 1913-1923 savings in Pennsylvania grew by 250 percent in the state banks and by 257 percent in the trust companies. In the mutual banks the rise amounted to only 61 percent. The increase was only 63 percent in the case of the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society. Yet, "computations made by this society for the past twenty years show that from 80 to 85 percent of new accounts were those of wage-earners." Even in the case of the Building and Loan Associations in Philadelphia, the average assets per member increased from $437 in 1911 to $498 in 1923—$61 in the thirteen years. During the same period the purchasing power of the dollar declined to almost half.

The above facts sound quite a different note than the generalized conclusions drawn from the American Bankers' Association figures. They also seem logical. Our theory of high wages is founded upon its twin sister—high purchasing power. The average wage of the bulk of workers is still below $30 per week. Can we consistently make ourselves believe that during the past decade American wage-earners raised their standard of living, consumed more and more of the constant flow of necessities and luxuries, and at the same time miraculously managed to lay aside also a constantly large share of their meager wages? Would one dare to cast such reflections upon the competency of our high-pressure salesman? Does it not pay to advertise?

The facts cited above sufficiently demonstrate that the bulk of the savings-deposits growth does not come from the working masses. Savings are largely concentrated in the financial and commercial centers. Massachusetts, with about half the population of Pennsylvania, had almost as much in savings deposits in 1928. New York, with a population about one-third larger than Illinois, has almost four and a half times as much in "savings" deposits. In New York there is a deposit account not only for every man, woman and child, but some two or three million extra to spare. The latest report of the United States Comptroller of the Currency reveals the same conditions. While the average savings deposit is $628.21 in Massachusetts, it is only $286.91 in Pennsylvania. New York's average of $610.48 is contrasted with the average of $221 for Illinois. The average savings account in Kansas is only $69, while in Texas it is as low as $39.65.

A good deal of the new revolutionary theory of the American Workers' Capitalism is based upon the development of labor banks in the past decade. Their growth since the establishment of the first bank, in 1920, led the prophetic economists to conclude that in a few more years the workers, in control of their rising savings, would be able gradually to buy out most of our industries and corporations, and thus establish the labor commonwealth through the peaceful penetration of Wall Street. Labor banks have now had a sufficient period of existence to justify a calmer appraisal. In October, 1928, the total resources of the labor banks amounted to a little over $113,000,000. The mere fact that only a few weeks ago the third private bank in New York City entered the billion-dollar class, while many more come close to this, will enable us to realize the extent to which the workers have succeeded in their invasion of Wall Street. It is also significant that during 1928 the number of labor banks has declined from thirty-three to twenty-seven, while their total resources have diminished by over $11,000,000!

In view of the present depreciated value of the pre-war dollar, we must conclude with Mr. Saltman that: "The facts appear to indicate that in late years there has been a slight decrease in the proportion of small savers—certainly not an increase. . . . From 1900 to 1914 the average deposit account advanced steadily ahead of real earnings. . . . But since 1914 a distinctly new trend has set in. . . . Beyond a doubt, there has been in the past dozen years a decided drop in the place which savings deposits occupy in the wage-earners' budget. . . . The fact appears to be that the wage-earners are today putting a smaller proportion of their income into savings deposits than they did a dozen years ago."

Another evidence of the new workers' capitalism is said to be the rapid development of employee-stock-purchasing plans. Because a few concerns have succeeded in disposing of some of their stock to a considerable percentage of their employees, the glad tidings of a new industrial revolution "peculiarly American and distinctive in character" have been universally broadcast. The employee-stock plans, it is claimed, are bringing about a redistribution of wealth and are ushering in a new industrial and social organization.

It is a frequent assertion that the number of stockholders in the country has increased from less than 5,000,000 in 1900 to about 15,000,000 in 1927. But the actual number of such stockholders, even more than that of savings depositors, remains a matter of conjecture. Diversification of investment is considered indispensable and has become almost a religion. The same individual may appear hundreds of times as a stockholder. Joseph S. McCoy, Actuary of the United States Treasury, in a recent analysis estimates that only some 3,000,000 individuals own corporation securities, and about 1,000,000 are bond buyers. "Only one in every thirty persons in the United States now be-

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longs to the legion of capitalists! Investigations have shown that some individuals own as many as 500 different stocks."

The most recent and most comprehensive study of employee-stock plans conducted by the National Industrial Conference Board, after a most thorough inquiry into the subject, found only 315 companies which are either selling or had previously sold any sort of stock to all, or to selected employees. These companies had a total of 2,736,448 employees, but only 806,068 employee-stockholders and subscribers, or less than 30 percent of all employees. These "wage-earning" stockholders include not only the actual workers, but also the highly paid executive, technical, and professional staffs. In twenty of the largest corporations in which employee stock-ownership has been especially widespread, the ratio of employee holdings to the total market value of the outstanding stock only amounted to 4.26 percent. The National Industrial Conference Board estimates that about one million "employees" in the United States own or have subscribed to about $1,000,000,000 worth of stock. What does this mean?

In 1920, 24,341,849 of the total of 41,614,248 occupied persons were employed in manufacturing, transportation, mining, trade, and clerical occupations, which includes all concerns listed as having stock purchasing plans. This means that only one out of twenty-five of these workers has purchased industrial stock. Since the market value of the total corporate stock was estimated in excess of $95,000,000,000 in 1926, and under the present inflated values must be far above $100,000,000,000, it appears that the American wage-earners, together with their fellow technicians, have still a long road ahead of them before they can capture control of American industry. At present, they have more than 99 percent of the way to go.

Recently, many corporations have abandoned stock-selling plans because they have found it unprofitable to "encourage the habit of watching the ticker," to teach workers "the joy of clipping coupons," or of "rewarding those employees who are resourceful gamblers." It is plain that we cannot justify a theory of a new economic revolution upon such a flimsy base. The proportion of workers owning stock, and the shares which they control, are negligible, even if their shares had voting power. And in the overwhelming majority of instances, this is not the case. Undoubtedly, a large proportion of these shares is in the hands of the more adequately paid salaried and professional employees. It is estimated that 325,000 "employees" own more than half of the workers' stock. Probably very few real workers are in possession of more than one or two shares. Assuming that the workers' share of industrial stock brings them as high a dividend as 10 percent, the total annual addition to their pay would be $100 a year for those owning the stock. Divided by the entire body of industrial workers, the dividend would amount to an extra $4 a year. Can such a sum give the American workman a feeling of profound participation in the prosperity of American industry?

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN.

In Memory of Elinor Wylie

THE DEATH of Elinor Wylie hardly yet seems a real event. When people whom we know die, we have usually been prepared for their deaths by some weakening or decay of personality. But in Elinor Wylie's case, a personality still living and vivid suddenly went out of being. A mind alive with thoughts and images, at what seemed its point of fullest activity, was annihilated at a stroke. In a letter she wrote me from England, just before her return in December, she told me that she had never been so happy, had never loved life so much: she had written forty poems, she said—an unusual rate of production for her. And as I was away from New York myself at the time of her death, I found that, even after the news had reached me, I kept unconsciously looking forward to seeing her in New York again. A part of my mind still kept turning toward her—for she had left with no farewell, but, on the contrary, with salutations and with the promise that I should see her soon.

It was true that, of recent years, she had been suffering severely from high blood pressure, and that she had been warned by the doctors of the danger of a paralytic stroke such as that which actually ended her life. She had been admonished that, if she wished to escape it, she must diet, abstain from coffee and alcohol, be careful not to overtax herself, etc. But she paid little heed to these warnings, and as year followed year, used to laugh at her defiance of the doctors and her obstinate survival.

And during these latter years, her energy seemed actually to increase. When I first knew her, only five years ago, Elinor Wylie was a brilliant amateur, who had merely written a few verses and started a novel or two, but who had never worked with application. Yet by the time "Jennifer Lorn" was published, she had become one of the most steadily industrious and productive writers of my acquaintance. She had always first composed her poetry in her head and then simply written it down, often without changing a word afterwards; but she now sat down to her typewriter day after day, and turned out novel after novel, as well as a good deal

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of miscellaneous journalism. And with a mind which seemed never to flag, she would go out night after night, and meet and talk to all sorts of people. In the meantime, she read insatiably. All her novels were historical and required special research. For her novel about Shelley, she collected and mastered a whole library. Her labor, in this case, was double, as she had to get up the American West in the pioneering days as well as the English nineteenth-century background. She had authority even for her landscapes, which she would rework in her own colored silks from the narratives of old books of travel. And she seemed, furthermore, to find time to get through all the books of verse and all the fiction of any interest published either in England or in America.

It was no doubt partly her abnormal condition which so sped up her imagination and energy. Her vitality, during the years after she had come to live in New York, triumphed and flourished at the cost of desperate nervous strain. Her life, although it had included long years of comfort and leisure, had been broken by a succession of displacements and dislocations which might have destroyed a weaker nature. In Elinor Wylie's case, it had left her like one of those victims of the War, who survives terrible operations, and is sent out into life again, but into a life always a little precarious. Any irritation of the old wounds would cloud her mind with terror and distress; and one had to remember where they were. But, for all this, in that scarred and shaken being, for so many years at the mercy of fate and under the domination of others, recurrently and inescapably exasperated with struggle, there came to birth, in these later years, a new and powerful personality.

It was like the possession of a poor human life by some strong and non-human spirit, passionate but detached, all-worldly wise yet unworldly, generous without devotion, ruthless without spite, laughing with unprejudiced intelligence over the disasters of the hurt creature it inhabited, and the master of a divine language, in which magnificence, accuracy and vigor seemed to require no study and no effort and in which it sometimes spoke simply of its own divine estate, at others fled to bright and cooling visions for forgetfulness of its human exile, and at others tried to tell the tales, to lend itself to the sentiments, which maudlin human beings enjoy.

Such a spirit, among the race of men, can find itself at home nowhere: received in the conventional world with suspicion, hatred and fear, it creates in that other world where people avowedly live by their imaginations and their wits, an almost equal embarrassment. Yet the inhabitants of both worlds stand in awe of it, for they know that they must look to it for the values which they attach to things in their world, for their very opinions of themselves and for their hopes of life itself.

And the presence of such a spirit makes illness and death seem unreal. There are beings—and sometimes among the noblest—who pass their lives in the shadow of death. Putting all faith in the ecstasy of the senses, they cannot but fear the moment when the senses must fade: for them, with the death of the body, the world must end. But for a spirit such as Elinor Wylie's, death can never quite seem serious. The doctors can never terrify it. And when such a spirit goes from its house, we do not feel in the departure any pathos. But in its absence, we find ourselves blank: we do not for a time know whom to look to nor where to turn. It is as if the intellect which orders, and the imagination which creates—those abstractions which have come to seem to us to have some sort of existence of their own, independent of any individual—had themselves been suddenly cut off. We are among doubtful human creatures, all quarreling or herding together, knowing little and thinking less, vague, pigheaded, purblind and violent. We come almost to wonder at last whether that spirit has really been among us—whether it may not have been merely, like the others, a blind, violent and crippled human life. Then we remember that harsh unflurried, that harsh unembittered laughter, and we look up the lovely lines in the book; and we know that in that sea without harbors, our compass must continue to be set by the jest and the verse.

EDMUND WILSON.

ELINOR WYLIE'S intellectual kinship was with those metaphysical and visionary women saints like Theresa, and Catherine, and Hildegarde, who were given to contemplation and a profound interior life. Like some other contemporary poets, notably like Yeats and T. S. Eliot, she seemed to me one who would have been very much at home in a convent or monastery of one of the contemplative orders, with leisure for reverie and meditation and study, and for evolving some explanation of life and the soul. Like many of the women saints, she had a strange clairvoyance about herself and others which went with an odd gift of prophecy. I have known her to predict the actions of a casual acquaintance years before they happened.

Superficially she seemed to have the same illusions about herself as the rest of us have, but when one penetrated beneath the outer layer of her personality, one found that she was as little subject to self-deception as any mortal could be. No outside person could describe her as she has described herself, in many of her poems. In that remote fastness of the spirit to which she could always withdraw, she avoided no avenue to knowledge, self-knowledge or any other sort of knowledge. External life was a sort of puzzle to her, though she made a conquest of life and of the hard problems that life presented to her with a fine, steely courage such as I have only met once or twice in others. But she had no natural facility for dealing with everyday happenings; on the most ordinary actions she sometimes wasted an amount of energy and emotion that would have constructed an epic. She would

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worry over the implications of some commonplace action or remark of another with a puzzled intensity that no explanation from those near her could relieve. In the world around her people were marrying and founding hearths and begetting children, and though the whole business was bewildering, she manfully did as the others did, and spent at it most of the span of this puzzling life that was allotted to her.

It was only after she met William Rose Benét that she really flung herself into poetry and literature. Elinor Wylie was too fine an artist to mourn as waste of time all that period of her life in which writing played no part. She told me how, in the long years before she became a writer, she would often in her sleep dream of being a poet—one of the long line of poets that ever were. The dream was complicated, but I think of it now as being like that vision of Hildegarde the Benedictine: "I watched a procession of angels innumerable who fought with Michael and against the Dragon and won the victory. . . . And one of them called out to me, 'Eagle, Eagle, why sleepest thou? . . . all of the eagles are watching thee. . . . Arise! for it is dawn, and eat and drink. . . . And then the whole troop cried out with a mighty voice. . . . 'Is not the time for passing come? Arise, maiden, arise!' " When she did arise and put forth, seven years ago, her first published volume of verse (there exists an earlier privately-printed book) she could hardly help knowing that she was none of the little birds that were trying their wings for flight, but that her place was among the eagles who could look straight at the sun. It is curious, indeed, how the symbol of the eagle comes into her work as it came into the writings of the medieval saints and philosophers:

> Live like that stoic bird
> The eagle of the rock
>
> If in the eagle's track
> Your sinews cannot leap,
> Avoid the lathered pack,
> Turn from the steaming sheep.
>
> * * * *
>
> Now let no charitable hope
> Confuse the mind with images
> Of eagle and of antelope:
> I am in nature none of these.
>
> I was, being human, born alone;
> I am, being woman, hard beset;
> I live by squeezing from a stone
> The little nourishment I get.

Her struggle with life was at once a woman's and an artist's struggle, and she was engaged in an art in which but few women had really distinguished themselves. In the seven or eight short years of her writing life she was so prolific that at her death she had eight books to her name—four of prose, and four of poetry, of which one is not yet published. From the very beginning it used to be said of her that she was a traditional poet: in reality no woman writer ever intellectually made such a break with tradition and convention. Her actual connection with what was traditional was not in her work, but in the training and equipment she brought to her work. There was no sweep of thought, no flight of imagination, no height of emotion, that had been expressed in literature, that she was not aware of. Very few of our young *arrivistes* have any conception of the knowledge of literature that went to the making of her mind, to her mastery of language and her mastery of form. One of our writers—and a not too young one at that—in a book surveying contemporary American literature, did not even mention her name. Before her death she had achieved that mastery of language for her own purpose which was like a virtuoso's mastery of a musical instrument. When, two days before her death, talking to me of the new power she felt over language as she was writing the poems that make up her last book, and when she went on to say that she knew she was going to write better and better, I could not resist quoting to her Yeats's lines, "I have come unto my strength And words obey my call." But she paid no attention, and I doubt if she even heard them. A stanza of her own in a poem not yet published is perhaps the final expression of her feeling toward her own art:

> Hidden excess of light has wrought
> Confusion in the secret place
> Where the slow miracles of thought
> Take shape through patience into grace.

Women in their personal lives have often broken with traditional ideas, have gone their own way, and paid whatever price had to be paid. Often, indeed, they won approval for their daring and delighted affection for their "frailty." But the rarest and most misunderstood figure in life has been the intellectually independent woman. Intellectually, the women who have broken with tradition can be counted on the fingers of one hand. But Elinor Wylie broke down in her poetry, not only certain conventions regarding what was to be expected from a poet and particularly a contemporary poet, but she broke down the conventional ideas of what was to be expected from a woman poet, so subtly and strangely that hardly anyone noticed it. To be sure, nearly everyone with an interest in literature recognized that with "Nets to Catch the Wind" what is called a new voice had appeared. But the recognition of a new voice, rarely as a new voice appears, is not so very difficult: there is a flash and a life to the very words he or she uses; it is as if the very stamp of a new personality suddenly became imprinted on each letter of the old alphabet.

And so the recognition that she was a new voice

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was comparatively easy. But it was not at all easy to recognize the phases of this new mind, for they were clad in what looked very like old garments. Victor Hugo said of Baudelaire that he had brought into literature *un nouveau frisson*—a new shudder; Elinor Wylie brought in a new despair—a despair which seemed to be another name for courage and combat. Pessimism in literature is not uncommon; it was the outstanding background of the work of two of the most important modern English poets—Thomas Hardy and A. E. Housman—but in Hardy it was a philosophy, a sort of systematic deterministic philosophy—we mortals were the playthings of the President of the Immortals; in A. E. Housman it was a conviction, a sort of constitutional attitude toward life; in both it represented an intellectual conception. But in Elinor Wylie it was a pure emotion, an experience that never became intellectualized, and which probably hardly reached to her consciousness, but it formed the undertone to all her poetry. And, because it was an emotion and not a philosophy, it, in the process of becoming her clear-cut, chiseled verse, shed all hopelessness, and became like a rallying cry in a battle. And though it was an emotion, and a powerfully personal emotion, it never brought into her work that self-pity, that sort of violet-scented sadness, that has been the curse of literature produced by women:

> From the world's hand which tries
> To tear you apart
> You have stolen the falcon's eyes
> And the lion's heart

she wrote in her first book. And again:

> Before my heart is dust
> At the end of all,
> Eat it I must, I must
> Were it bitter gall.
>
> But I shall keep it sweet
> By some strange art;
> Wild honey I shall eat
> When I eat my heart.

That was it—by some strange art, though she wrote the most tragic poetry of our time, it was never hopeless nor depressing, perhaps because of that falcon's eyes and lion's heart, perhaps, too, because she had not only a hard grip on her material, but a powerful metaphysical mind which always kept the reader's intellect on the move.

Frequently one heard it said that her poetry was too metaphysical, too intellectual, and that it had every quality but emotion. She was herself perfectly aware that this was the most frequent criticism levelled at her, and wrote:

> I have been accused
> Of gold and silver trickery, infused
> With blood of meteors, and moonstones which
> Are cold as eyeballs in a flooded ditch.

Most of her readers were convinced at one time or another that this was true, but when their conviction became strongest she would suddenly write a poem so powerful in emotion that it made most other emotional outbursts by contemporary writers seem meager and gaudy. In her last published "Trivial Breath," so full of poems that make a demand on the intellect, one is suddenly startled out of the deeps of metaphysical speculation into immense wells of emotion when one comes suddenly on a poem like "The Coastguard's Cottage," with its love and pity and tenderness, and "As I Went Down by Havre de Grace," with its pity and despair:

> As I went out by Prettymarsh
> I saw the mayflower under the leaves:
> Life (I said) is rough and harsh
> And fretted by a hundred griefs:
> Yet were it more than I could face,
> Who have faced out a hundred dooms,
> Had I been born in any place
> Where this small flower never blooms.

The first poem I ever heard her read aloud was her sonnet sequence "Wild Peaches," the most exciting of nature poetry; the last poem I heard her read was her sonnet sequence "Angels and Earthly Creatures," a few days before her death. She had a passion for the sonnet form, and her mastery of it was remarkable even in a country where a mastery of the sonnet form is a sort of national accomplishment among poets. When she finished her last sonnet sequence, she was so anxious to see them in print as they came hot off her pen, that she walked down the street of the English village where she had spent the summer and autumn, and handed them to the village printer, who got them out for her in a little pamphlet. It would be hard to imagine any collection of great sonnets in English that did not contain some of those out of that little pamphlet.

She died three days after I had heard her read these sonnets; two days before she died she talked to me about her work, and the last words I remember from her lips were, "Poetry is the best thing of all; I shall write no more prose." And then she said, "Work is the best thing of all. Who said, Art is long, Life is short?" Her head was aching with a migraine, one side of her face faintly paralyzed, but she had no intention but to go on creating to the full. She was planning more and more work, as she walked blithely out of the door to go to see her publishers. When I saw her again she was lying dead, so quickly had there come to her "An end to the duel long fought in the dark," and perhaps like the Chivalrous Lady in Rachel Annand Taylor's poem which we had read so often together, she had asked the God who had so long fought a duel with her "to unhelm ere she died," for her dead face was the noblest, the most serene I had ever seen.

MARY M. COLUM.

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Washington Notes

IN RE THE recent advice of Governor Roosevelt and ex-Governor Smith to the Democratic party, urging unity, harmony and a forward-looking policy, all of which was, of course, more or less ridiculous, it seems worth while, before the incident is completely forgotten, to point to the beautiful unity, harmony and forward-looking policy displayed by the Democrats in the Senate in the executive-session vote on the Hon. Roy West, friend of the public-spirited Mr. Insull and named by Mr. Coolidge as Secretary of the Interior, disregarding every standard that should have been considered in such appointment. The only thing that can justly be urged in its behalf is that it keeps consistent the Republican record of refusal to consider a high-grade man for this particularly important cabinet post.

It was, in fact, a most improper selection. A half-dozen cogent and convincing reasons could have been—and were—advanced, showing why Mr. West was unfit to be Secretary of the Interior. Not one, of any substance, was put forward to justify his appointment. Not even the Republican organs came to his defense when the attack was made on him. Practically every independent and every Democratic paper assailed him as being disqualified by training, affiliation and associations for this job, one duty of which is to pass upon the applications of Insull and others like him for power permits. It was a great chance for the Democrats—a hand-picked opportunity to show themselves as a virile, vigilant, militant minority, to throw the Republican party for a heavy loss, to send Mr. Coolidge into retirement with the unenviable record of having nominated for the Cabinet two men—the other one was Charles Beecher Warren—both of whom were rejected on the score of unfitness by a Senate controlled by his own party. It was a lovely chance. And what did the Democrats, freshly filled with Rooseveltian and Smithian advice, do? Did they muff it? Worse than that—twenty-two of them voted for Mr. West's confirmation. This, with the aid of the machine Republicans, pulled him through. Even worse, most of the twenty-two Democrats voted with the machine Republicans, to have the fight in executive session and keep the vote secret.

And where was the Democratic leader of the Senate at the time of the vote? Why did not the intrepid Robinson, running mate of the Happy Warrior in the recent campaign and so warmly in accord with his views—why did not Robinson sound the trumpet call to his followers and lead an assault on secrecy and an unworthy selection? One of the reasons was that he was not among those present. He simply did not show up. He was in his seat the day before the vote and the day after the vote, but the day of the vote he was curiously and conspicuously absent. What are you going to do with a party like that? What is the use of all this high-sounding counsel from gentlemen on the side lines, these stirring calls to arms, this denunciation of Republican incompetence and moral turpitude? Leaving Leader Robinson out, nineteen of these twenty-two Democratic votes, combined with the twelve independent and progressive Republicans, would have rejected Mr. West with ease and dispatch. It would have been a service to the country in which the Democrats could have taken some pride. But when the time comes to translate words into deeds, the Democratic party simply is not there, and is not worth bothering about under existing conditions. Two things are needed in Congress, where party policy is made—men who will lead, and men who will follow. The Democracy has neither of these now and no prospect of them in the next Congress. It is hardly worth the trouble even to point out Democratic cravenness and stupidity. There is apparently only one party and that is the party in power. Neither the Democrats nor the progressives have enough cohesive force or character to count—and as Senator Norris so despondently intimated after the West vote, they will probably count even less in the next four years.

So far as the party in power is concerned, interest is naturally centered at this time on the man who will be the largest part of that party in the next four years. As was indicated in this place last week, he left Washington for Florida with all of his secrets intact and the speculations as to his Cabinet still merely speculation. His closest friends, those in most constant contact with him and in a position to know, if anyone would, actually do not know more than ordinarily observant outsiders with a knowledge of conditions and a capacity for making deductions. The reason for this, of course, is that Mr. Hoover has consistently refrained from making a single cabinet commitment from which he cannot retire. Such decisions as he has arrived at, he has kept to himself. However hard this may be upon the anxious aspirant and the news-hungry "corps of correspondents," it still seems the course of wisdom on the part of the man who not only has the ultimate responsibility for the departments his cabinet members will run, but has to live with them for four years. What Mr. Hoover apparently has in mind is to withhold any authoritative announcement of his Cabinet until a few days before his inauguration, which means that the eminent and distinguished gentlemen who will eventually serve in it will get their definite offers from the President-elect about ten days before March 4. This may not hold for all of them, but it probably will for most.

In the meantime, the most interesting thing that has occurred in the past two weeks in the whole cabinet situation has been the reinstatement of the Hon. William J. Donovan as a probability. Two weeks ago, which was just after the Hoover arrival in Washington, the stock of the Honorable Bill, who had been upon every slate for Attorney-General, took a terrible slump. The drys made a dreadful drive on him and so did the Wheeler-Walsh element in the Senate. So did the Fellowship Forum and so did quite a few fair but false friends of the Honorable Bill whom he has counted among his well-wishers. Among them all, they had Bill pretty well on the rocks, but he got off without damage. His friends believe that before he went West he had from Mr. Hoover more in the way of assurance that he wants him in his Cabinet than any other individual except perhaps the august Andrew, whose cute little ambition to establish a record of having served under three Presidents has unquestionably been sympathetically received.

Beyond doubt, one of the big factors in the reinstatement of the Honorable Bill was the emphatic pointing out

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to the President-elect that failure to appoint him, even in the face of the wide and varied opposition, all of which was founded on prejudice of one sort or another, would inevitably be construed as being due to his religion. No one who knows Mr. Hoover thinks that consideration would weigh with him for a moment, but most people do not know him and such would unquestionably be the popular interpretation. Nothing could possibly do him more injury. It is fair to presume that this was one factor in overcoming the Donovan opposition. The other is the unquestioned Hoover inclination toward him, due to personal association and appreciation.

In Washington and elsewhere it is therefore now assumed that Bill will be the next Attorney-General or, if not that, Secretary of War, which he does not want, but would probably take if asked. It is a little difficult to imagine a man of Colonel Donovan's age turning down a cabinet proffer. It just isn't done. For the rest, there is at this time no line at all on the Hoover selections. He may, as they say, keep Jardine as Secretary of Agriculture and he may put Mr. Doak in as Secretary of Labor, or he may do neither of these things. As for the choice of Secretary of State, the most interesting of all, there is an utter absence of even plausible speculation, beyond the fact that Borah will not be selected.

The conspicuous presence in the President-elect's Miami party of Dr. J. Hubert Work and that other practitioner of old-fashioned machine politics, Mr. James Francis Burke, did not sit well on the Hooverites left in Washington. Yet it may be without significance. One view of their presence in the party is that they went at the pressing personal invitation of Mr. Hoover. Another is that they just horned in. In any event, the publicity they get because they are where they are helps along their respective games, whatever these may be.

T. R. B.

Washington.

The Bat and the Blue Bird

FIVE years ago, when the "Chauve Souris" began its New York fortunes, I was not one of those critics who acclaimed it as great art, as thrilling with those immortal qualities that characterize Parnassus. And now on its fifth visit I am not one to desert the "Chauve Souris." If it is not, and never intended to be, immortal art—though it naturally accepted these tributes for what they were worth at the box-office—this Russian *divertissement* still holds its welcome traits, and serves to remind our stage of things we might too easily forget.

The present instalment of the "Chauve Souris" makes two or three grave errors, numbers that cater, or hope to, to the American taste by being in English. They merely succeed in being flat and useless; only a vast amount of cleverness could force them into imitations of ourselves that would be diverting. These are the song in the little French café, the scene around "You Ought to Hear Olaf Laugh," and that halting bit of the Doorman's at Maxim's. Of the present numbers, the best are the party with the musicians at the back and the two couples dancing together between the times they sit on benches at the side and giggle and talk, the folk rhymes with Madame Selinskaya, Mr. Gelikhovsky and Mr. Voronoff, parts of the Hussar scenes, and the number in which Napoleon and his marshals review a ghostly array of the troops of all his great battles. The rest of the program includes variations on the familiar "Chauve Souris" motives, the porcelains coming to life, the toys beginning to enact a story of their own, the travesty of old-style grand opera, and so on. In most of these there are pleasant or talented intervals in idea and in performers.

In a way, however, the "Chauve Souris" has become familiar to us so far as concerns all its main tricks and qualities. As an event on the stage, separated thus by footlights from the audience, it has almost finished its unique appeal. Certainly it needs a language that the audience understands, in order to keep its numbers engaging and to prevent their visual and musical familiarity from wearing out. And it needs more authoritative and gripping performers, if we are to go on taking to it year by year. In this bill there is only one really capital performer, and that is the actress who plays the old woman holding the *pot de chambre* with the coat-of-arms on it and the silver slippers in it for sale, in the scene from Soviet life, and in the opera travesty plays the aged contralto with her glassy eyes—she is perfection. With everything else more or less expected, and the novelty thus gone, only the intimacies and satires of our own revues in English or the magnetism of distinct artists, one or the other, could make the entertainment of much moment.

But at the same time, it happens that the "Chauve Souris," by this very state of things, returns to its original place in the world of entertainment. This program and these performers belong in the close contacts of a night club here or some café in Moscow or Budapest. Then the give and take of it, the flow between the spectators and entertainers, and the easy forgiveness and *rapport* that is in the air generally would make everything right, and would carry this engaging form of art, half-folk, half-sophistication, half-professional, half-personal, away from the false perspectives that the theater confronts it with, and back into its own region and its source, where its special vitality must lie.

The "Chauve Souris" as it stands, then, and as we see it at Jolson's Theater, lacks those artists who, if they were not supreme, were at least striking and authoritative, that it had on its earlier visits, especially the first; and so all the more, in their absence, cries aloud for its right and natural conditions. But it remains, nevertheless, full of fine elements for us. Those little settings, now grown familiar and often copied, have, at their best, still a lovable freshness. In the scene where the Hussars and their colonel are sparking the ladies, for example, the setting is delightful and manages to achieve something of its own that still eludes our borrowings. That drop for the four women in peasant costumes, with a hint of valentines about it, and the wit of some of the other scene painting and costumes, is still jolly and interesting. And we must delight in the Russian speed, that effect of vitality and innocence that they contrive to put into their tempo. And taking

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the show as a whole, there is something of gentleness and good temper, of leisure, sweetness and zest for life, something indefinable and easy, that defeats criticism, makes you want to protect these people from the strenuous professionalism of Broadway, and reminds you that the hard shine and drive we can get into our revues is not necessarily better than this flutter and dance of humor like a child's, and this fresh attack and love of the moment for its own sake, that these Russians possess.

Mr. Balieff, with his unique and inimitable mask, a face that the commedia of all times might have dreamed of and despaired of finding, cuts down the amount of his presence and remarks in the "Chauve Souris" of nowadays, and quite rightly: he is no longer a novelty, and the size of the theater in which he finds himself prevents all whimsical contact and limits the masked shrewdness of his clown's eyes.

It was the absence of Mr. Balieff—together with the fact that the "Chauve Souris" had already got the start and won the hot and hasty heart of the town—that more than anything else prevented a like entertainment from succeeding that same first season. This was "The Blue Bird," and in it were numbers not so exhilarating in humor perhaps, but better done and with more of a genuine beauty than any in the earlier and successful rival. It had a short run, but in it there were things you cannot forget.

Among these unforgettable things, and the best among them, I remember the appearance of Mr. Victor Chenkin. In the synagogue number, where the old rabbi instructed the young students, and in the scene of the Cossack before his fire, his effect was electric, the voice, the acting, the gusto and the projection over the footlights.

In the light of this huge town, with its torrent of change and passing fires, I have wondered often what had become of this artist, and if we should ever meet with him again. He has reappeared now in a series of concerts at the Yiddish Art Theater on Fourteenth Street.

Mr. Chenkin's performance consists of a costume recital in five parts, "Songs of a Fool," in his jester's costume of black and white, Italian songs, Jewish-Chassidic songs, and Ukrainian and Caucasian songs.

In each group the costume and make-up is changed, the style, manner and even the voice is new and different. When I listen to Mr. Chenkin, in his long robe of black, like a monk's, but of velvet with a dark red satin girdle, triangular and heavily fringed, and a wide black hat with a red edge to the brim, singing "Die Alte Kashe," I think that this rich tone, tragic and full of the ancient East, is his best, better than his singing—in that measured and diminished voice of the old French pieces—of the fool's songs, or better than that clever whiteness that he gets into the Italian tone. At the same time, in this Jewish suite I hear the same fine ear and the same beautiful gradation of the phrase that mark all his other songs.

Not the best necessarily, for they are no better than these Chassidic numbers, but certainly the most overwhelmingly effective things that Mr. Chenkin does are the Ukrainian and Caucasian pieces. In these the acting is astonishing, the phrase brilliantly accurate, and the voice dramatic and inexhaustibly rich in variety. The phrase in posture and movement is as accurate as in the singing. The strange modulations and cadences of this music seem as natural and easy as the dramatic part. I am struck with the profligate expenditure of the voice and the manner in which it is thrown aside for the needs of this wild balladry, which has in mind so much more fiery ends than beautiful tone or mere melody could ever be; and with this impression comes a regret—the only one about the whole occasion—I am sorry that Mr. Chenkin does not include a few more songs in which his beautiful and stirring voice could be heard more for itself, in its full value.

As an artist Mr. Chenkin's final achievement is in the way in which he sings these songs as peasants sing: with, as Tolstoy says, a full and naïve conviction that the whole meaning of a song lies in the words, and that the tune comes of itself, and that apart from the words there is no tune, which exists solely to give measure to the words. And so the unconsidered tune comes out, like the song of a bird, right and good.

STARK YOUNG.

The Lie with Circumstance

MR. ARTHUR PONSONBY'S "Falsehood in War-Time" (E. P. Dutton, New York), is one of several books which have appeared lately to reveal the moral casualties of the War. Very early, Mrs. Irene Cooper Willis in "The Holy War" exposed the fundamental myth by which the Liberal press in Great Britain, on motion of Mr. H. G. Wells, brought itself to the support of a war which it had condemned as unnecessary. Last year, Mr. Harold D. Lasswell published a dispassionate study, "Propaganda Technique in the World War." Mr. Ponsonby does the more elementary job of listing one by one the obvious lies of the War, tracing each to its source, and concluding with its authoritative denial. But, as he notes, retraction, however explicit, never catches up with the original falsehood. We had a striking illustration of this fact the other day when, in the United States Senate, Mr. Borah revived the "Remember the Maine" myth, to reassure those who feared that the so-called Kellogg pact would have prevented so unnecessary and inglorious a war as that with Spain. How many of those who drank in with avidity the tales of the fiendishness of German U-boat commanders ever heard of Admiral Sims' statement published in the New York Tribune in April, 1923? "There exists no authentic report of cruelties ever having been committed by the commander or the crew of a German submarine. The press reports about cruelties were only meant for propaganda purposes." And yet, as Mr. Ponsonby adds: "Exposure may be useful, even when the struggle is over, in order to show up the fraud, hypocrisy, and humbug on which all war rests, and the blatant and vulgar devices which have been used for so long to prevent the poor ignorant people from realizing the true meaning of war."

Mr. Ponsonby's book, though small, is comprehensive. He begins with the grand official lies: the Asquith-Grey declaration that there was no commitment to France; the Serbian denial of official complicity in the murder of the

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Archduke; the myth of the invasion of Belgium as a cause of war; and the impudent assertion of Germany's sole responsibility. Then, he makes a collection of the tales with which governments and press amused their people, tales not so remarkable for their exhibition of official malevolence as for that of human credulity—the persistent story of the passage of Russian troops through Great Britain, the mutilated nurse, the Belgian baby without hands, the crucified soldier, the corpse factory, the innocence of the Lusitania, the faked photographs, and many more. The record is a nauseating one, yet there are gleams of humor in it, especially in the pathetic attempts of private patriotic liars to assemble evidence or invent corroborative detail to "give verisimilitude to otherwise bald and unconvincing narratives." The Russians crossing England are represented as stamping the snow off their boots, as calling hoarsely for vodka at Carlisle, as jamming the slot machine with a rouble at Durham. A clergyman at Manchester, who told the Geographical Society in 1914 that there were scores of Belgian girls in England with their hands cut off, was soon after writing to the papers begging, "Will anyone who has actually seen such cases here in England send me full particulars?" Sometimes, a story originated from a misunderstanding of a foreign idiom, as when The Times printed a word of warning to Jack F. G.: "If you are not in khaki by the twentieth I shall cut you dead.—Ethel M."; which appeared in the Cologne Gazette as the threat, *hacke ich dich zu Tode.*

The most famous instance of such misunderstanding, and one of the most powerful lies of the entire War, arose from confusion between the German word *"Kadaver"* and the English "cadaver," which led to the story of the German corpse factory. The career of this story is one of the most illustrative in the entire history of propaganda, because the British General Charteris, in 1925, boasted, at a dinner of the National Arts Club in New York, that he had undertaken to give currency to the falsehood by altering the captions of photographs, and even thought of supporting it by a forged diary to be found on the body of a German soldier. The report in the New York papers was accepted by the gallant general, but, on his return to England, after a brief interview with the Secretary of War, he denied the whole thing. It is interesting to note that in the House of Commons, when pressed by Mr. Dillon to deny the story, the high-minded Lord Robert Cecil evaded by saying: "I have seen statements made by the German government—and I confess that I am not able to attach very much importance to any statements made by the German government." In 1925, Sir Austen Chamberlain disposed of the lie in these words: "The Chancellor of the German Reich has authorized me to say . . . that there was never any foundation for it. I need scarcely add that, on behalf of His Majesty's government, I accept this denial."

Naturally, most of Mr. Ponsonby's instances are drawn from his own country. He gathers a few examples from other nations, notably from the Italian propaganda for the annexation of Dalmatia which cited against Wilson a letter purporting to have been written by Abraham Lincoln to Mazzini, assigning to Italy the eastern coast of the Adriatic, as well as Malta and Corsica. Of the United States he says little, but makes pertinent reference to the activities of John R. Rathom and George Creel. It is to the honor of the American press that shortly after the beginning of the War, when the ruling class was already beginning to denounce neutrality as pro-Germanism and treason, five American correspondents in Belgium issued a statement declaring that, so far as their observation went, the stories of German cruelties in Belgium were untrue. This statement had a wholesome effect for a time, and it required the sacrifice of Lord Bryce's splendid reputation in his report on German atrocities to beat it down. When the war fever rose, however, Mr. Ponsonby says truly: "The frenzy with which the whole propaganda was conducted in America surpassed anything we experienced here." All the old atrocity stories which had lost their edge through repetition in Europe were resharpened. The story of the crucified soldier was particularly effective when told by voluble veterans detailed from the front to assist in the sale of bonds. And the government showed the usual reluctance to interfere lest it weaken the will of its subjects to war. At some pains, a version of the crucified soldier story, reported in the Boston Herald early in 1918, was exposed and the exposure accepted by that journal, but it was not until *October, 1918,* that Mr. Ponsonby finds a recommendation from General Pershing to the effect that, if one of his sergeants was guilty of such misstatements, "he should be immediately returned to duty." Perhaps to spare our feelings, Mr. Ponsonby does not mention the greatest lie of all, that of the pre-armistice agreement by which Germany was induced to surrender on the promise that Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points should be the basis of the peace. He need not have been so careful. Unfortunately for Mr. Ponsonby's hope that a recital of the knavery and dupery which attend modern war will disgust mankind with it, we have to chronicle the fact that the mass of the American people regard their leading part in the final falsification with entire complacency, or even with modest triumph.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Geese in the Running Water

The geese in the running water, among the snowy stones,
Matching their feet with the geese in the mirror brook,
Stand preening, ruffling the feathers that grow on their hollow bones,
And a man stares from the field with the slowness of sleep in his look.

The arm of the rising dawn, flung over the eastern cloud,
The coming of day which none were sure would come back,
Caught in the eddies among the wide feet of the proud,
Spreads its deep change of light on the changing shallow of black.

The grave, wet-footed birds look down at their images,
At the five white-breasted geese left in the ebb of the shadow.
Time that was hurrying over is torn by the crowns of the trees
And thrown to the ground at the feet of the man who crosses the meadow.

RAYMOND HOLDEN.

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A COMMUNICATION

"How Shall We Educate the Young Barbarians?"—Mr. McConn to Dr. Meiklejohn

SIR: In your issue of January 16, Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn did me the honor of discussing at considerable length my book, "College or Kindergarten," recently published by the New Republic. His discussion was conducted throughout with such fairness and courtesy as only philosophy can teach and with a generosity of praise which, especially as coming from him, has given me the keenest pleasure. For I regard Dr. Meiklejohn as one of the great leaders of this generation in that cause of humanism and liberal understanding which to me, as to him, is little short of a religion.

But the main argument of Dr. Meiklejohn's article springs from his conviction that in the fundamental assumptions of my book I have fallen into a disastrous error. To this argument I beg the privilege of replying. Not, believe me, from any merely personal desire to prove myself right; for Dr. Meiklejohn's faith in this matter is a happier one than mine, and a public conviction of error would be to me a slight price to pay for a conversion to his greater hope. But, alas, I remained unconverted, and consequently it must seem to me that it is he who has fallen into an error dangerous to the cause we both desire to advance—and the more so because of the cogency and eloquence with which it is set forth.

My fundamental mistake, in Dr. Meiklejohn's view, underlies my contention with respect to selective admission: that our colleges of the liberal arts—if they are to restore any worth-while potency to the teaching of humane letters and pure science—must, first of all, choose their students with much greater care than even our strictest institutions now employ. In support of this far from novel idea I point out that the swollen enrollments of the present day include a substantial majority of young people who by all accounts, including their own, have not come primarily for studies but for other activities connected with fraternities, athletics, and the like. I try to do full justice to the striking educational values which these other activities afford. But, after all, those values, though highly "practical" for worldly success, are not the same values which we seek through letters and science. The two sets of values are indeed not only disparate, but in part discordant. And consequently, the gross predominance on our campuses, both in numbers and in social prestige, of those devoted to the other activities has, in the common phrase, "dragged down the standards," involved the faculties in innumerable concessions and compromises, and very nearly banished any true spirit of learning and understanding. (There is none so naïve as to suppose that "college spirit," of which we hear so much, has any reference to such matters.) Learning and understanding present themselves in our colleges nowadays as things which are pale and ineffectual and second-rate as compared with social leadership or athletic prowess. And I do not see how this situation can change so long as we continue to receive large numbers who, in Professor Veblen's phrase, "have no designs on the higher learning." So, in picturing an ideal college, I begin by excluding this group.

It is true, however, that selective admission assumes that we know, or can know, whom to select—that we shall be prepared to say of certain young people about eighteen years of age that they seem to be capable of liberal education, and of other more numerous young people that they do not seem to have such capacity to the requisite degree and shall, therefore, be debarred, at least from our ideal college—and, of course, so far as practicable from any existing college which seeks to approach such an ideal—and must continue their education, if at all, in other schools of a lower grade or a different kind.

It is at this point that Dr. Meiklejohn takes issue. The assumption here involved he regards as presumptuous. He does not use so blunt an epithet, but I use it, because it is true. There is no officer or board who in the present state of knowledge can attempt such selection without making many mistakes. And a mistake on the side of exclusion may often constitute a grave injury—comparable to that inflicted by a physician who makes a wrong diagnosis or a judge who errs in a decision. Yet surely the physician and the judge and the college officer alike must do their work, using such tools and wisdom as they have, seeking constantly to improve both. Moreover, the presumptuousness of selective admission is no new thing in colleges, which even now reject annually some thousands of young men and women as insufficiently capable according to the present entrance requirements—but these requirements are set so low that they fail of their declared object, the protection of "standards." The only way to eliminate this presumption would be to throw down all bars and take all comers—a solution which few college teachers will advocate.

But Dr. Meiklejohn probes further and reaches, quite accurately, underneath the first assumption to which he objects, a further assumption which he calls my "essential mistake"—adding, courteously, that it is one in which I am not alone:

> The mistake is that he takes the pupil for granted as something fixed and given. Apparently for him the combination of zest and capacity for study is something which a young person has or has not, essentially and eternally. If he has it, you can teach him. If it is lacking, then nothing intellectual can be done for him.

Well, there is a large number of young persons of college age with respect to whom I would agree to all that. Young men and women whose characteristics and qualities

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are already set and determined one way or the other—some few whose quest of beauty and truth cannot be wholly thwarted by the most unfavorable environment or the most inept teaching; and a somewhat larger number in whom no conceivable presentation of liberal values can be expected to awaken any real response.

How they have come to be that way is another question—whether by biological inheritance, or through the effects of social heredity in those early years which nearly all psychologists agree in considering decisive. But for the college officer as such this question is irrelevant. The point for him is that very many of our young people are already, before they come to him, predetermined, some to enlightenment, and some to an agreeable, energetic, and by no means unserviceable barbarism.

All of which may seem like mere ungracious contradiction of Dr. Meiklejohn—a fruitless iteration of a difference already sufficiently indicated. Yet I wonder, if we should both descend from generalities to cases, whether we should find ourselves so very far apart. Surely he will have to grant me some who are unquestionably predetermined. In his rich experience he has undoubtedly attracted into his own classes many of the "born students." And, at the other end of the scale, he must grant those who are technically "defectives"; and, I should suppose, those who, even under skillful teaching in special classes, cannot master the materials of the elementary grades; and perhaps those who cannot or will not complete academic courses (as distinguished from vocational courses) in the high school; and so on up. And I am ready to grant, heartily, that there are—both in college and outside—many young people of college age whose determination is not yet complete: in whom opposing characteristics and qualities (whether congenital or acquired) still struggle for predominance—and whom a real college of the liberal arts might bring safely into the fold of enlightenment. I wonder if these border-line cases are not really all that Dr. Meiklejohn has concretely in mind. If so, there is no difference between us after all—on this point.

Yet there is a difference remaining, and one of maximum importance: namely, as to how we should proceed with reference to these border-line cases, those who are not yet "called" but might be. Dr. Meiklejohn is all for saving them here and now and in large numbers and by strenuous measures. We must "take young barbarians" and "drag them" in. He is careful not to say how many we can successfully rescue in this heroic fashion, but it is clear that his missionary zeal will not easily be restrained. In the end he confesses this: "We should have a try at every one of them before giving them up to intellectual barbarism and damnation." At the least, he is unwilling to abandon as hopeless any whom present entrance requirements admit.

But that brings us back to the pathetic conditions in our present colleges, which have been trying for so many years to do exactly what he desires. One of the gravest defects of our colleges today is that they ordinarily fail with the border-line cases. In them the border-line case is likely to go the wrong way—because the forces of barbarism have been permitted to become, within the college itself, stronger than the forces of light.

Dr. Meiklejohn believes that the trouble is with our teaching: "The great need is that teachers should have something to say which is strong enough to have an effect upon the heathen, significant enough to convert the barbarian. . . . Our American teaching activities have only begun." And again: "Our American scheme of liberal education is still in its most crude and vague beginnings. . . . We have as yet hardly entered upon the formulating of what the venture is to be."

It may be so; certainly it is not scientific to pre-judge experiments. Yet I can draw little hope from any new "scheme," any reformulation of materials and methods or even of environmental conditions. In spite of all the labors of the educationists, I cannot see that there is any mystery about fine teaching. It has only two essentials: a great teacher and real students. We have some of both in our colleges today, and when they get together in selected groups fine teaching follows—in many subjects, by many methods. What more can there be?

And this brings us to a great and sad truth, which is the root of the matter (as I see it), namely, that in our present world, and for long years to come, the adherents of any great and fine faith, whether of Christian unworldliness or of humanistic unworldliness or any other, must, if they would keep the virtue of their faith, be content to remain a saving remnant—a comparatively small group, increasing only by slow degrees.

Of course they will be missionaries; no one can hold fervently to any faith without burning to proselyte, or without believing that in the end the truth and beauty which he perceives with such delight must become apparent to all and gladden the whole world. And, being but men, with so short a span, we desire that they should prevail in our day, or at the least make measurable strides. Hence springs a noble but disastrous haste, which cannot be satisfied to build slowly, adding only true converts, but must have also half-converts and merely nominal converts in large numbers—who, quite innocently, misunderstand and deface the whole creed. This tragic zeal has wrought the degradation of nearly every great cause. When Christianity took over the Empire and began to baptize by nations it practically ceased to be Christian; to most of the new hordes Christ could be only another war-cry and a new kind of magic.[1] And when humanism seeks to enroll all the children of the bourgeoisie it finds itself turned into—fraternities and football.

This is why it seems to me that instead of continuing in all our colleges to "have a try at every one of them," we should establish *some colleges* which will receive only those who are pretty clearly "called" (this would include a fair number of the more promising border-line cases), and will make their calling and election sure, and send them out year by year to leaven the whole democratic lump and to make each a few more true converts. To us who live now this must be a somewhat depressing program, for it concedes that we shall never see even the dawn of the great day of which we dream. It calls for a protracted patience, a long, long view. But there is no other way.

MAX MCCONN.
Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.

[1] Professor Santayana, in "Modernism and Christianity," has beautifully expounded this dilemma of every unworldly faith.

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CORRESPONDENCE

A Society for World Leaders

SIR: Your readers may be interested in the enclosed open letter to H. G. Wells.

FRANKLIN NEUMAN.

New York City.

[ENCLOSURE]

Dear Mr. Wells:

Can you not be persuaded to put William Clissold's Open Conspiracy actually into effect? Will you not, in other words, undertake to form, in collaboration with other good citizens of the world—such as George Bernard Shaw, Bertrand Russell, Havelock Ellis, John Maynard Keynes, Romain Rolland, Hu Shih, John Dewey, James Harvey Robinson, Charles A. Beard and others—a genuinely cosmopolitan educational society somewhat similar in function to the English Fabian Society, but having for its object not the nurture of any local, patriotic, national organization such as the British Labor party, but the bringing into being throughout the world of a genuinely cosmopolitan political party having for its object the establishment (say at Geneva) of a world government such as you advocate?

I do not know, of course, what sentiments the individuals I have just named would entertain toward the idea of giving impetus to the political realization of the pan-humanistic sentiments they have all repeatedly expressed; their names, like your own, occur to me—quite at random—as those of conspicuously trustworthy friends of the human commonwealth as a whole: individuals who, by reason of their eminence in the supernationalist field of thought, are obviously able to establish confidence in any movement seeking to embody their civilized aspirations politically and practically.

"There is much leadership needed," you declare in your most recently published book, "The Open Conspiracy," and this is true. And if this leadership is to arouse and maintain the interest and adherence of the brains, youth and energy of the world, it must, I submit, be active, explicit, uncompromising and thorough-going. It must, if it is to be taken seriously, be ceaselessly active in making known its opinion of every international misunderstanding, treaty and crisis; in challenging, or endorsing, every act (or inaction) of the League of Nations and of the World Court, and in pointing out the defects and merits—from a strictly cosmopolitan point of view—of every political candidate in every election of sufficient importance to affect the international situation. It must be explicit in setting forth in black and white, unmistakably and unequivocably, its principles, aims and policies.

It must be uncompromising in adhering undeviatingly to a genuinely cosmopolitan viewpoint at all times and under all circumstances. It must be thorough-going in that it must deal with every possible phase of the movement, from such basic questions as disarming and policing the world, and teaching world citizenship (instead of the present parochialism) in all the public schools of the world, to such questions as establishing René de Saussure's suggested international standard monetary unit, the *speso*, and adopting—if only in the interests of science, literature and diplomacy—some such other international auxiliary language as Otto Jespersen's newly formulated *Novial*. Eventually there should be not only a program and suggested political platform but even—though William Clissold, I know, specifically opposed such a step—a Constitution, however tentative, for the projected World State. (Sidney and Beatrice Webb have published a proposed socialist constitution for Great Britain.) Each step, of course, should be preceded by diligent, careful research. Possibly the first act of the cosmopolitan society whose formation I suggest should be to name the movement suitably—since we cannot well call ourselves Open Conspirators!

The movement should, it seems to me, be essentially secular and, except in appealing to the imagination through the medium of art, as "dryly" and solidly scientific as possible in its method of investigation and procedure.

I realize that such a program as I have ventured to outline goes much further—and possibly much faster—than you believe to be either wise or practicable. But you will remember that when, in Mr. Shaw's "Back to Methuselah," the brothers Barnabas described their projected expansion of human life to three centuries simply as Something That Is Going to Happen, their auditors, young and old alike, lost interest. Obviously some conspicuous and responsible person, or group, must somehow, somewhere, some time, make an active beginning—must, so to speak, raise the standard: if ever the Open Conspiracy, whatever it may come to be called, is to take tangible shape.

FRANKLIN NEUMAN.

He Leaves Us

SIR: This is to say that after due deliberation I have reluctantly decided not to renew my subscription which is about to expire.

This action is not due to any dissatisfaction whatever, unless it be that as a reader of the New Republic, the Nation, Mencken's Mercury, etc., I have not often been able to point with pride to the crowning glories of the administration. Whether this is due to the journalistic meat on which I have been feeding, I do not know.

I am going to try an experiment. For a while at least I am going to confine my reading to the Boston Transcript, the Saturday Evening Post, presidential essays, and Mr. Mellon's reports. I am going to join the Kiwanis, the Rotarians, and the Chamber of Commerce. If I feel in need of inspiration I'll read also Billy Sunday's sermons. I am not going to allow a single opinion or conviction to gain lodgement in my mind until it has been copyrighted by the superpatriots and been approved by Mr. Dawes and his Minute Men.

I am going to endeavor to relocate that fountain of Republicanism, undefiled, at which in my youth in Vermont—for I, too, am a Green Mountain boy—I drank the refreshing draughts of smug complacency.

Oh, yes, and one thing more. I am going to borrow some money and buy some stocks. And when I become prosperous I'll buy bound copies of all the New Republics and present them to the library at Island Pond, Vermont—my native town.

EDWARD MOORE.

West Newton, Mass.

Unfair to China

SIR: The New Republic in the issue of January 23 carries an advertisement concerning the American Association for Old Age Security, which says: "With the exception of China and India, we are the only populous country that has made no humane and constructive provision for our aged."

The impression created by that statement is erroneous. Who has made greater provision for the aged, for parents and grandparents, than the Chinese through their loyalty to filial piety and their regard for their seniors in the family? Perhaps the social method, through the family system, of caring for those in old age is an effective substitute for legislation. The Chinese social system, moreover, has created such respect for old age as to cause the formation of societies for the relief of old age where the family system, through the absence or incapacity of sons, leaves the aged unprovided for. Nor are government doles to the aged unknown in Chinese history. . . .

C. WALTER YOUNG.

Washington, D. C.

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British Civilization

The History of British Civilization, by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two vols. 1,332 pages. $12.

A GREAT history is a great work of art. Like a sculpture of a human figure, its broad outlines are determined by reality outside the mind of the artist. It cannot, therefore, be conceived in contempt of anatomy and physiology—with indifference to the structure of the human society described, moving through time accumulating its morals, customs, and ideas. Neither can it be done overnight by an impatient youth in response to hot orders from printers whose steaming presses yawn for paper. Like a true work of art, a great history is the fruit of long and patient study and discipline. But anatomy and physiology, patience and study cannot alone make great history any more than they can produce an immortal painting. Chronicles may be compiled by the vigorous use of scissors and paste brush; history cannot be written by adding one fact to another and gearing them up by tricks in transition. As Anatole France once wittily remarked, historical facts do not automatically divide themselves into facts important and facts unimportant. And he should have added, in truth, facts important to whom? Facts important when?

Hence the historian must select the facts he is to record, decide to whom they are important, and determine the when for which he is writing—yesterday, today, or tomorrow. For him the bold outline of the past is no doubt fixed by a certain structure of events as they actually were, more or less vaguely understood, just as the general form of a sculpture is determined by the human figure which it portrays. Yet how infinite is the variety of human forms! What varieties of dream are discovered in the same form by different eyes! By his emphasis, his shades, his management of details, his contours, his nuances, his wizardry in giving vigor to lip and eye, the historian makes his structure live for those for whom he is writing in the age for which he is writing. His work is to be judged, therefore, not by mere accuracy in detail, but by the excellence of the general structure and by the pleasure it gives to the reader to whom it is directed.

Besides its appearance as a symptom, a great history is also a creative force, pushing forward the stream of tendency in which it floats. It is for this reason that the widening out of historical conceptions beyond the boundaries of war and politics gives hope to civilized persons and makes a promise for tomorrow. Croce and Ferrero in Italy, Spengler, Friedell, and Jostock in the German world, and now Dr. Wingfield-Stratford in England, by their inescapable performances, have forever denied to military, political, economic, literary, scientific, and art histories, as specialized disciplines, the right to occupy the throne of history. The civilization of Great Britain is a living organism, and that organism is a part of a European and world organism. If the term is symbolic, that is simply because no word fits the reality as the fencer's hand fits his hilt. That those who set themselves today to write history take note of this fact is itself some evidence that civilization will endure.

For many a day no better sign of promise has come out of England than these two volumes by Dr. Wingfield-Stratford. England is turning in upon herself mercilessly, yet with sympathy and discernment. Our author knows that men and women are serio-comic animals, but he keeps an even balance between the two ever-interlocked phases of human nature. He has respect for our rich and many-worded language, but he is ruthless with the solemnity and pomposity of Gibbon and Macaulay. He is writing for this age, and this age invites every writer to say what he has to say in smashing words that can be understood and felt; indeed, Dr. Wingfield-Stratford, in his vigorous use of the vernacular, often comes dangerously near slang; the hovering ghost of Matthew Arnold will be shocked. But that is the element of the new art which, when disciplined by the study of the masters, constitutes creative work of high order.

Now to the substance of things. Dr. Wingfield-Stratford sees the structure of British civilization, as it rises through the centuries, dividing itself into four parts: Catholic Civilization, Protestant Civilization, the Oligarchy, and the Machine Age. At first glance, two parts seem to be religious, one political, and the fourth economic. Yet on examination the Oligarchy is found to consist of "the possessing classes," who rule Church and State, exploiting the poor with ruthless rigor. Parliament in this age was "a close corporation of rich men, many of them, if they were Commoners, the nominees of men still richer than themselves. . . . Corruption and her twin sister reigned supreme. The Glorious Revolution was fully consummated, the whole effective power of the State was in the hands of Parliament, and the result was . . . Newcastle." Now Newcastle was a combination of Bascom Slemp, Harry M. Daugherty, Albert Fall, and Boss Tweed, in an age of roast beef and good wine. So in reality two parts of our author's civilization are economic. Moreover, as he abundantly shows, great shifts in the economic strata were at least partly responsible for earthquakes in the preceding periods, especially for the Protestant Revolt.

Some exceptions may be taken to this classification of ages. It seems to concede without argument the contention that Englishmen were more religious before the seventeenth century than afterward. In any case that is an arguable proposition. No doubt the intellectual classes were more extensively concerned with what they were pleased to call religion in the Middle Ages and during the Protestant upheaval than they were after the age of Francis Bacon or Adam Smith. They wrote relatively more books about it. But did the masses really think more about religious values? Did the Catholic Church really control economic development, make the doings and transactions of men and women conform to its ethical standards against their obvious interests and advantages? When the Church preached duty to the lord and obedience to the peasant, did it really compel them to do things which in the long run they did not want to do, to make material sacrifices for a scholastic, ethical, fixed-order-of-God ideal? A study of medieval industry in development and its correlated scholastic philosophy seems to indicate that the political economy of the Church evolved neatly to sanction changing practices advantageous to lords and merchants. Many high-sounding Latin phrases were framed by the scholastics to justify the taking of what amounted in fact to high rates of interest, usurious in effect, after commerce had grown up enough to require it. That was long before Calvin was heard of. Hence it might not be amiss to divide the evolution of English civilization into three parts: feudal, feudo-commercial, and capitalist. For aught I can see, the nineteenth century is as religious as the fourteenth or as irreligious, as anyone pleases.

Around his central structure Dr. Wingfield-Stratford has built a story which includes in a fairly balanced array politics, economics, war, science, empire, industry, and the

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arts. But he has not fashioned it after the style of an encyclopedia or a college manual, with little bits of nicely arranged hash served up in side dishes. He has woven the whole tapestry into a consistent organic unity, using pertinent illustrations, facts, analogies, humorous thrusts, and illuminating generalizations to carry the picture to the mind of his reader. Sooner or later nearly everything significant about English history gets into the scenery. If Tennyson is sympathetically evaluated, that which a cynic called "the drivel and belch and stink of Tennyson" is here cited in language which would have shocked poor old Ruskin half to death. The terrible poverty, corroding, ghastly and brutalizing which has characterized English economic development from early times is shoved under the nose of Pecksniffian respectability with a vigor and resolution on the part of the author which makes Green's history of the English people seem like sheer hypocrisy.

While Dr. Wingfield-Stratford thinks, with warrant, that the British empire has done a lot of good to primitives by substituting chemists and engineers for witch-doctors and by knocking the heads off native butchers given to perpetual turmoil, he does not accept at face value the rant and cant of the Kipling school. On the whole, he is rather hard on the Germans, but he sees that they only carried out with Teutonic efficiency a lot of the dollar-grabbing ideals and materialistic convictions of the Anglo-Saxon race. As for the war between the two money-grubbing empires, he blurts out his conviction frankly (and, I think, with Jovian correctness): "In the state of intellect and morals at which Europe had arrived in these opening years of the twentieth century, it is perhaps strange that the war had been delayed so long, certainly impossible that it could have been delayed for many months longer." While pride of nation and achievement runs through the pages, it is not the pride of shining armor and claptrap.

If I may venture to criticize a work so admirable, so artistic, I should say that its greatest weakness lies in its lack of sympathy with harassed and war-worn Europe—a Europe that is not snugly enthroned on a tight little island defended by a navy. Dr. Wingfield-Stratford is obviously impatient with the German government for failing to hook up with England in a friendly fashion at the turn of the century. From our point of view in 1928, that failure does seem indefensible. But hours with "Die Grosse Politik" show that the Germans were not sure in 1900 that they might not have to rake some British chestnuts out of the fire in a war on Russia, if they lay down with the lion. Neither were they sure that they could count on England in case of a general conflagration; France could not until Belgium was invaded! This is no defense of the Germans—or criticism of the English.

Again, speaking of Harvey and the circulation of the blood, Dr. Wingfield-Stratford says: "It was characteristic of the English mind that its first scientific efforts should be by way of induction and experiment." It was also characteristic of many scientific minds on the Continent, not overlooking Italy, where the science of medicine was being rapidly advanced when Harvey visited that land of the Renaissance. Some day, some master mind will bend the bow and fetch to earth the history of European civilization. What a magnificent thing that would be for mankind!

But let us not overemphasize criticisms. Dr. Wingfield-Stratford has written a great history. Every American who pretends to be informed about England ought to read it. It would be a happy stroke of fortune if it could supplant some of our dry manuals in colleges. This history is an achievement, a contribution to English thought, a noble example for emulation. If anyone wants to discover how far British civilization has moved in fifty years, let him compare this work with John Richard Green's eloquent apology for England and the middle-class conscience. Even Winston Churchill could not read it and come out at the end with his usual pomp and feathers. And that is saying a lot.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

Poetry in Vacuo

Contemporaries and Snobs, by Laura Riding. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 255 pages. $2.

A Survey of Modernist Poetry, by Laura Riding and Robert Graves. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 291 pages. $2.

BOTH these works are based on a single thesis: The poet, today and in the past, has nearly always forfeited his identity by yielding to the necessity imposed on him by criticism of expressing his own time. The term *Zeitgeist* represents the sum-total of contemporary pressure, and criticism is its servant in an unholy alliance to prevent the poet from ever achieving complete creative independence. The authors prefer to recognize the poet as an autonomous mind unaffected by the exigencies of time or space; as a hypothetical monster who works in a vacuum out of which all the elements but his own desire to write poetry have apparently been extracted.

It need scarcely be noted that such a view has much in common both with the vulgar conception of the poet as an "eccentric" and with the credo of the "pure art" enthusiasts who would deposit him safely in a *tour d'ivoire*. Although neither is quite the role these critics reserve for the poet, they are never so explicit as to offer instances to illuminate their position. (Only Shakespeare and Blake manage to survive without damning qualification.) They are thus embarrassed because actually no poet who ever wrote entirely escaped some mark of his own time. We have learned enough about the nature of the poetic mind to realize that its contents, structure, and mechanism are determined by the age in a deeper sense than a mere contemporary coloration. The poetic vision cannot be interpreted otherwise than as a psychological phenomenon; and it becomes no less mysterious when described as the white-hot crystallization of all the elements in the poet's consciousness, of which the contemporary elements form no small part.

The esthetic idealism of Miss Riding and Mr. Graves unfortunately exceeds the actual limitations of the human mind. But their doctrinaire ardor, which expresses itself in a wholesale holocaust of contemporary reputations, does not prevent them from saying a number of fresh and pertinent things about poetry. Despite the arbitrary character of their diagnosis of the poetic corpus, their method has forced them to analyze with considerable minuteness the pretensions and technical aspects of such modern poets as T. S. Eliot, Marianne Moore, E. E. Cummings, Paul Valéry, and the Sitwells. Not the least interesting chapter is the one devoted to a close textual interpretation of recent experiments in verse punctuation. For this, and certain other incidental services, the two works merit the patience necessary to read them to the end.

WILLIAM TROY.

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Those who have read all or any part of the *Impressions* as they came out in *The New Republic* are already aware of their immense value and will want the book for reference and rereading. With the six chapters on Russia, there are included in this volume Dr. Dewey's four interpretive articles on Mexico written on the occasion of his visit two years ago; three on Turkey visited in 1924, and two from his long series on China written in 1920. Taken together these chapters present a survey of the four major revolutionary centers of the post war world. 288 pages; soft covers.

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Psychology and the Inner Life

Two Essays on Analytical Psychology, by C. G. Jung, translated by H. G. and C. F. Baynes. New York: Dodd Mead and Company. 280 pages. $4.

Contributions to Analytical Psychology, by C. G. Jung, translated by H. G. and C. F. Baynes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 410 pages. $5.50.

UP TO the present our scientific civilization has acquired an almost god-like power over the material environment at the expense of certain realms of inner experience that once held the deepest intensity and meaning. As the submarine dives under the sea, the aeroplane into the sky, as inoculations check fatal diseases and space is spanned by radio, as higher criticism pricks the historicity of religious story, it seems, indeed, that the gods have fallen and been replaced by the triumphant intellect of man. Power, more power, he gathers into his hands, and he smiles at his primitive brother who is said to give as much as a third of his waking time and his supreme reverence to mysterious powers beyond the possibility of control by his ego. Scientific man seeks to bring the world under his control. Primitive man unconsciously sought to align his ego with some super-personal values which he called gods and which the scientist disposes of as superstition.

And so as the various forms of religious experience and intuitive perception of life's meaning were scientifically undermined, the whole inner aspect of life has been repressed till our very culture suffers from a power neurosis. But now comes a new domain of science that dares to take the phenomena of psychological life not as mere mistakes because outside the realm covered by materialistic science and hence not concretely verifiable, but, instead, seeks to discover what was the value that was being reached for symbolically by an intellectually absurd or superstitious or fantastic form. So this is the science of the inner life of man, a natural history of the evolution of the self, which Dr. Jung is opening up in these two volumes.

The material on which the author bases his conclusions is derived from his technique of "Analytical Psychology," which differs from Freud's "Psychoanalysis" in that, while the latter traces practically all creations of the unconscious, dreams, fantasies, and the like, back to simple instinctive origins, the former is more concerned to discover the purpose or meaning or value to the individual life of such productions. This technique led him through the level of the personal unconscious made up of personal experiences, forgotten or repressed, to the great sea of the collective unconscious, made up of universal dynamic images, god, magician, ghost, savior, and countless others, which are created afresh by every primitive race, and occur regularly in the dreams of moderns during analysis which has reached a certain depth. He shows how these archaic images become animated and often dominate action with the result that the conscious ego becomes the puppet of a powerful unconscious content and hence is in no way free or individual. The development of the psyche toward consciousness takes place through the recognition of these forces operating within or projected to the environment, and winning release for the individuality from their dominance. This process is made possible for those whose need or desire leads them to it by the technique of analytical psychology. In the "Two Essays" Dr. Jung tells of the two levels of the unconscious and of what happens when these are opened to consciousness, and the human spirit grapples with the shadow-shapes of its own depths.

In the "Contributions" are collected essays on a wide variety of subjects, all illumined by a depth of insight and kindly wisdom drawn from an immense analytical experience. Those interested in a careful scientific presentation of the author's theory of the libido will find it in the essay "On Psychical Energy." For those seeking an understanding of how these researches lead to a new outlook on life, there are "Analytical Psychology and *Weltanschauung*," and "Spirit and Life." There are three papers on different aspects of human relationships, "Woman in Europe," "Marriage as a Psychological Relationship," and "The Love Problem of the Student." Teachers and those concerned with the child will find a series of papers on education. The table of contents offers something important in nearly every field of human experience, poetry, religion, instinct, love.

Once in the course of many generations there comes into the world a dynamic new idea that produces a complete readjustment of man's outlook upon his world and initiates a new era in human development. In the past this has happened in the reorientation to life brought about by the birth of a new religion, or later, by the rise of the scientific spirit. Perhaps the future may find that such an idea was brought to birth in our own time in the recognition of the collective unconscious and the road marked out by these books to the heights and depths of the inner world without loss of scientific integrity.

ELEANOR BERTINE.

A Mild Evening

Midsummer Night, and Other Tales in Verse, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. 164 pages. $2.

IT HAS been said that Masefield is the hardest-working poet in England: "Midsummer Night" is his thirty-seventh book. The total amount of his poems, plays, and stories in verse and prose must put him among the most prolific of all English poets. No one could accuse him of neglecting to cultivate his Muse. And yet it is obvious already that his future place in the literature of his country will be considerably lower than that of a man like Housman, whose entire poetic output could easily be contained in any one of Masefield's books. The difference between them is not accidental. These two men are at opposite poles of the literary world. Masefield's emotional philosophy is as vaguely romantic as Housman's is classic —which is to say, definite and pessimistic. But both are serious poets: whatever their aims, amusement is not one of them.

But verse (experimental verse, at least) is beginning to show signs of trying to throw off that shrouded pomposity which the Romantics gave it. The temper of our day is not friendly toward anything that takes itself too solemnly. One reason why poets make such easy marks for parody is that they must be serious (though Gertrude Stein—more power to her!—is doing her best to change all that), and when they slip, like the butler in Punch, they never chips nor cracks: when they breaks, they smashes utterly.

In his latest book, Masefield has returned to the notoriously romantic legend of King Arthur, and has written some twenty poems on its less familiar stories. He writes, as he always does, in a pleasant narrative manner, a good-tempered and unhysterical Kipling, his words choking a little now and then when Beauty is his theme.

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In many of the poems, he has adopted a variation of the Spenserian stanza which, though generally well adapted to his style, occasionally leads him into pitfalls. In the poem describing Arthur's last fight, Owain the Red, after knocking his enemies right and left, has just been given his death-blow by one of Modred's knights:

> But with his knife he thrust at Addersfang
> Under the buckles, twice, and had good luck,
> Leaving the hangman but a corpse to hang;
> Dying, he muttered, "Four, or was it three?"

In a later poem, "South and East," the poet is telling of a happy hunting-ground of animals:

> All dogs of every kind
> Routed or hunted as they had the mind,
> And all were glad, for all were waggy-tailed.

"The Death of Lancelot," which is the best poem in the book, is perhaps the only complete poem which is up to Masefield's old standard.

> He once so ringing glad among the spears,
> Lies where the rabbit browses with droppt ears
> And shy-foot stags come when the moon appears.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Reality and Mere Realism

Joseph and His Brethren, by H. W. Freeman. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

Peder Victorious, by O. E. Rolvaag. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

WE must have books of this sort written and read if our literature is to have its basis in reality and not in mere realism," R. H. Mottram exclaims enthusiastically in his introduction to "Joseph and His Brethren." "Mr. Freeman is not an 'ist,'" he adds, and again, a few sentences later: "It is a story too near reality to have any mannerisms."

It is perhaps unnecessary to question Mr. Mottram on the matter of the "ist" in literature—what writer of major importance, at least during the last hundred years, has not been deemed an "ist" some time or other?—but it is impossible not to question his distinction between reality and "mere realism." It is impossible precisely because the distinction is not primarily Mr. Mottram's own at all, but one that he shares with most contemporary commentators on literature. The burden of almost all the reviews of the two novels I am considering, for instance, is that the authors have somehow usurped the role of God and given us reality itself, not its pale reflection in a book.

Our writers and readers ought to have the courage of their convictions. If it is reality they are after—and by reality I take it they mean what is called "real life"—let them consign their pens to the junk heap and their books to the fire; anybody can have all that kind of reality he is looking for, even without the asking. Why demand of literature the impossible?

In literature, then, it is not reality that concerns us, but the presentation of reality. "Mere realism" is simply one of the vehicles for such a presentation, neither good nor bad in itself, but depending entirely upon the writer employing it and upon the validity of his "mannerisms." In general, it may be considered axiomatic that the closer a novel approximates real life the further it is likely to be removed from real literature.

All this seems pretty elementary; at any rate, it ought to be. It is not reality that has already endeared Mr. Freeman to thousands of readers; it is his mannerisms, his charm, his humor, his easy-going commonality, yes, even his literary tricks of suspense, of surprise, of exaggeration and other time-honored devices for gaining effects, for he is not over fertile in invention. Mr. Freeman faces the same sort of reality that Thomas Hardy faced—outwardly; inwardly his flat, immature plane is worlds apart from the cubical intensities of Hardy.

We are not surprised to learn that "Joseph and His Brethren" was originally conceived as a short story. The first chapter is still a short story; indeed, many of Mr. Freeman's chapters have a beginning, a middle and an end all of their own, with this result, that his story must begin all over again with the following chapter. Consequently, his book lacks a sense of the whole, it lacks progression and a resulting culminative effect. Perhaps this is why it has been mistaken for reality.

Mr. Mottram points out that although the scene of "Joseph and His Brethren" is laid in Suffolk, "it might as well have been laid in one of the agricultural districts of New England." This is quite true; it is so true of a section of Mr. Freeman's novel that one adds: especially the New England of Eugene O'Neill's "Desire under the Elms." I make this point without any intention of stretching it: Old Benjamin Geaiter, the slave driver of his sons, his marrying a young wife in defiance of them, and their consequent fears of her inheriting what is rightly theirs—all this is reminiscent of Mr. O'Neill's play.

O. E. Rolvaag has also been credited with cornering reality. It now appears, however, that reality is not an absolute; you can order whatever kind you like. "Peder Victorious" possesses all the mannerisms native to the panoramic school of fiction, saga division, adolescent department. It belongs with "Pelle the Conqueror," "Jean Christophe" and "The Peasants," and in conception and execution is primarily a European product. The development of the story is not the development of a literary form, but of a central character over against a stage set that may be changed from time to time but always remains a set. A life is described to us in terms of environment, the life of the first and second generations of Norwegian pioneer stock in an immigrant community on the prairies. The medium used means nothing intrinsically; it is like a temporary scaffolding that can be abandoned once the building is up. One must be careful, however; in literature the scaffolding and the building are apt to be inseparable.

There is no plot to novels like "Peder Victorious," no invention, no resolution; consequently there is no real growth. There is only accretion, as a snowball gathers more and more snow unto itself as it rolls along. By and by it becomes a great big snowball, but nobody, remembering the unfolding of a flower from seed to blossom, would call this growth.

EDWIN SEAVER.

Mantis, by Ethelreda Lewis. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

THIS novel by the lady who caught the impish gleam in Trader Horn's eyes and sent it to the printers should establish her without dissent as the Gene Stratton Porter of the Transvaal. She tells a pseudo-scientific story of the veld—of a woman-shy entomologist on a field trip with a young assistant, a—yes!—an Irish girl of the eerier

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sort, who plays primitive music on a pipe dropped in the Aegean woods one day by the goat-footed one himself. Here is a seeing eye for the delicacy and nobility of the veld, for perverse flowers and grotesque insects; but the people are only paper dolls clipped from romantic fiction and illuminated in woodsy and golden browns. Writing at times with a wild delicacy and deftness that has surprising craftsmanship, Mrs. Lewis is given—even addicted—to the piercingly sweet phrase, the unfinished sentence trailing off breathlessly into ecstatic dots. Her sweetness carries well beyond the saturation point. F. H.

Contributors

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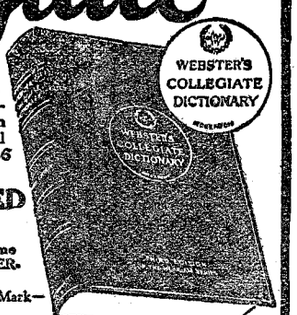

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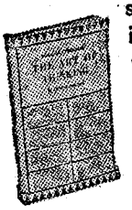

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